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KUNKEL'S

MUSICAL REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1882.

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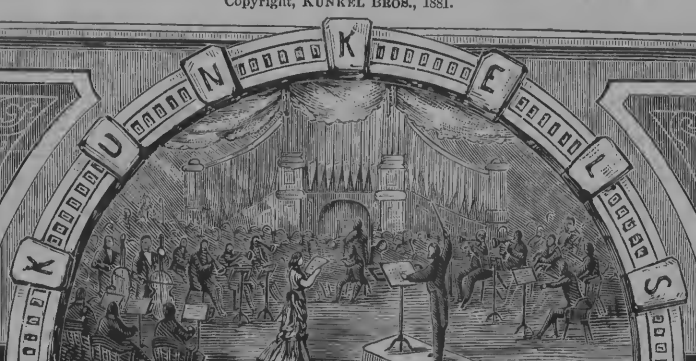
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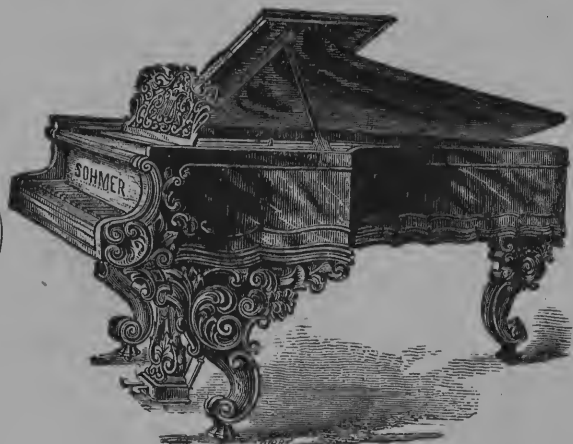
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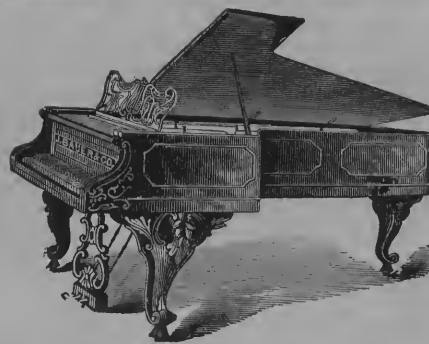
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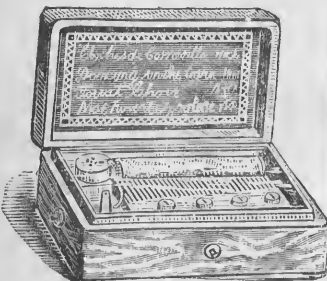
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MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. V.

JANUARY, 1882.

No. 3.

THE NEW YEAR.

"The King is dead, long live the King!"

'Twas thus the ancient courtier cried,
And made the palace walls to ring,
Soon as he knew his lord had died.

The year is dead, long live the year!
True courtiers all, we join to say:
Since from the dead we've naught to fear
And naught to hope, we'd all be gay.

Then hail the Prince who doth appear,
Young, crown'd with hope and girt with pow'r;
Him now we love, him now we fear;
Acclaim him King in this glad hour!

Some say the old year did not die,
But, like a bankrupt, took to flight;
Leaving his creditors to sigh,
And sneaking off at dead of night.

They say he came and promised smiles,
But, in their stead, brought many a tear;
And stole from some, with wicked wiles,
All that to them could life endear.

Who cares for plaints from others' lips?
Each soul knows what its burdens are—
And sighs blow not the stranded ships,
Hope-laden, o'er the harbor's bar.

But ah, what will the new year do?
Do? What the years have done before:
Bring tears and toil to me and you—
Or perhaps rest—forevermore.

I. D. F.

ADELINA PATTI.

MME. ADELINA PATTI, the greatest of living cantatrices, whose picture appears in this number, was born in Madrid, on the 19th of February, 1843. At the early age of five, she came to the United States, where her family settled, and where she was brought up until her seventeenth year. Adelina's mother was well known in the *dilettante* world under the name of Madame Barilli. She made an excellent record in the principal cities of Italy, and her second husband, Salvator Patti, was also a distinguished singer.

In 1848, after considerable losses, the Patti family came to New York, where Maurice Strakosch, Adelina's brother-in-law, was the manager of the Italian opera in a fairly successful season. Music was her first amusement, and she sang as she spoke. So it happened that one day when her mother reprimanded her about the constant singing, which she thought a fault, Adelina replied: "What can I do, mamma; I can not speak, but the moment I begin to sing everything becomes perfectly easy to me."

The experienced eye of Maurice Strakosch very soon discovered her genius, sought to train her, and, above all, taught her not to tire her voice.

At that time Madame Alboni, who happened to be

in New York, and who had heard a great deal about the phenomenal Adelina, expressed a great desire to hear her. Adelina was very willing to sing before the celebrated *artiste*, but only on one condition, which was, that they should have a game of hide and seek together. In spite of her large and majestic frame, Alboni accepted the terms, but all at once Adelina disappeared, and she was found hidden underneath a bed, where she was almost choking with laughter. Alboni could not possibly catch her in such a hiding place. Adelina continued to laugh at her playmate's discomfiture, but the latter was equal to

"Ah, my dear child, the day will come when you will make the world forget us all!"

Adelina made her first appearance at a concert given at Tripler Hall, New York, and in mentioning this *debut*, we can not pass over an incident which well characterizes the charming childhood of the *debutante*. When she was about to go on the stage, after the curtain was raised, she asked for her doll. Her parents at first pretended to be angry with her, but nothing would do, and she declared that she could not sing without the doll. They were obliged to yield, and, with the doll in her arms, she advanced

resolutely to a table, upon which she was lifted, in order that the audience might be able to see her. Her success was enormous, and upon the next day, all New York was filled with the name and praise of Adelina Patti. After her successful appearance at Tripler Hall, she visited the principal towns of the United States, and everywhere she met with great success. After traversing the United States she went to Havana, and concluded her series of concerts at Porto Rico.

It was on her return to New York that her serious studies began, and in order to follow them up assiduously, she practiced for three years without appearing upon the stage.

New York saw Adelina Patti, still almost a child—for she was only sixteen—make her first appearance in "Lucia di Lammermoor." This took place upon the 24th of November, 1859. Adelina created a murmur of astonishment from the first act. Admiration succeeded to astonishment, for the part of Lucia had never before been rendered with so much art and so much passion.

After a year's sojourn in New York, the young singer, who was already a shining star, went to London, where she made her first appearance on May 14, 1861, at the Covent Garden Theatre, in the part of "Amina," in "Sonnambula." It is needless to say that her success was enormous, and on the next day every capital in Europe resounded with the name of Adelina Patti.

After her triumphs at London, Adelina Patti went to Paris, where she made

her first appearance upon November 17th, 1862, at the *Theatre Italien*, in the part of "Amina," in "Sonnambula." From the sound of her first notes, she received an immense ovation. Even the "old stagers" were obliged to confess that the part of "Amina" had never before been better, indeed, not so well played. Never before had they seen such a marvellous charm. Since then Mme. Patti's career has been an uninterrupted succession of artistic triumphs, which it would take volumes to recount.



ADELINA PATTI.

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I. D. FOULON, A. M., I. L. B., - - - EDITOR.

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ART criticism doubtless has definite principles, but it should never be forgotten that they can only assist the critic in forming an opinion in which his individual tastes and his personal or national prejudices are pretty sure to enter to a greater or less extent. Composers are usually unfair critics, because they are wedded to their own style or to that of some particular school, and consider all other styles as necessarily inferior.

MUSIC is not the only one of the arts which undergoes the influence of fashion. The revival of the study of the classics in Europe brought about a desire to ape the ancients, and an author so critical and observant as La Bruyère, writing under the influence of this classical revival, wrote: "The Gothic style of architecture, which barbarism had introduced into palaces and temples, has been entirely abandoned, and the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian styles have been recalled; that which was no longer seen, save in the ruins of ancient Rome or of old Greece, which has again become modern, shines forth in our porticoes and peristyles." (*Caractères. Des ouvrages de l'esprit.*) But this judgment of La Bruyère's generation has been reversed, in so far as it condemned the Gothic style as a relic of barbarism which ought to be wiped out of existence, and the Gothic now is, and bids fair to remain, for many years to come, the standard of temple architecture.

MANY learners have an idea that only geniuses can attain to great excellence, and imagine that genius somehow dispenses its possessor from the labor of study and the drudgery of practice. The following incident, recently related to us by one of our publishers, may, perhaps more forcibly than a long dissertation upon the subject, show the fallacy of such a supposition.

Anton Rubinstein is doubtless the greatest pianist now before the public of either hemisphere, and has everywhere been hailed as a veritable genius. In 1872, Messrs. Charles and Jacob Kunkel happened to be in New York at the same time with Rubinstein. Going to Steinway Hall to practice over a composition for two pianos, which they were soon to play in public, they found that the Russian giant had preceded them, and was in a room adjoining the one in which they had intended to rehearse, assiduously practicing the programme of his next concert. Not wishing to disturb him, they waited and listened for well nigh three hours, at the end of which time they postponed their rehearsing until the next day, and departed, leaving the giant at his task. And during all this time he played over and over again some of Chopin's simplest waltzes, which he had doubtless known by heart for years, and which most good amateurs would not hesitate to play in public without preparation.

MUSIC AS AN AMUSEMENT.

THE study of music as a means of social entertainment merely, or as an "accomplishment," necessarily leads to musical superficiality, to considering the acquirement of some mechanical skill in performing "pieces" as of more importance than the knowledge of the scientific rules which govern the art, or the æsthetic principles upon which it is based. The gross ignorance of the very elements of music, manifested by graduates of the musical departments of many ladies' boarding-schools and seminaries (who often pass for quite respectable pianists), shows by results that we have correctly stated the tendency of the study of music as a mere accomplishment. It is not strange, therefore, that many conscientious musicians, moved by a sense of the dignity of their art, should consider such a study of it as a desecration, and pour their contempt, if not their anathemas, upon all such superficial work. We say it is not strange, but we must promptly add: it is not wise.

Reforms which can not possibly be accomplished had better not be attempted. Now, however serious a study music may be, for true musicians, for the large majority of even the intelligent public, music is, and in the nature of things must forever remain, in common with the other arts, a means of recreation and nothing more. But recreation is by no means an unimportant matter. Our natures, both physical and mental, imperiously demand some sort of relaxation. All alienists are agreed that next to hereditary taint and habits of gross dissipation, mental overwork is the most common cause of insanity in our present stage of civilization, and all medical authorities confirm the experience of those who have tried it, in saying that the rest which brain-workers need is not that of mental stagnation, but rather that which is obtained by calling into a gentle activity powers of the mind other than those which have perhaps been overtaken.

To ask of the merchant, who has passed his time in complicated commercial calculations, of the lawyer, whose hours have been spent in unraveling the intricacies of some knotty case, of the physician, who has taxed body and mind to the utmost in the service of his patients, or of the lady, whatever her station, whose household cares or social duties have exhausted her supply of physical strength or mental energy, that, after their arduous day's work in their respective spheres, they should spend their scanty leisure in studying the construction of a Bach fugue or in fathoming the mysteries of Berlioz's instrumentation, would be to ask of them additional labor which they neither could, would, nor ought to perform. These are matters which must be left almost exclusively to those who make music their profession. But music listened to or engaged in by them for the sake of its effect upon the æsthetic faculty, for the sake of the enjoyment it affords directly through the sensibilities and not indirectly (by means of a scientific knowledge of its subject matter) through the intellectual faculties: in other words, music enjoyed by them as an amusement rather than as a science, furnishes, for them, better perhaps than anything else could, that change of mental exercise which is the mind's most beneficial rest, and serves as a tonic, an invigorator, which enables them the better to accomplish their respective duties.

There is another light in which amusements appear to be, as we have already said, a serious matter: They are an educational force which is only the more potent because those who are subjected to its influence are usually unconscious of its action. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy!" says the popular proverb, which crystallizes into this homely form the experiences of ages, that amusement is a

necessary element in the mental development of the young, and every day's experience will convince those who observe themselves and their fellows that the influence of "play" on "Jack" is by no means limited to the days of his boyhood. But, if amusements be a real educational power, it is important that that power be rightly directed, that the amusements selected should be of a wholesome character. Now, the remark is so true that it has become trite that music is, of all the arts, the only one which cannot express degrading sentiments; therefore, by one of the limitations of its powers, it is made, probably, the most innocent of amusements. Music in the home circle is a power for good; a song may inculcate a lesson when the graver words of parental wisdom would pass unheeded, and from the family piano may come strains that will cheer a heart that can not confide its sorrows even to the nearest and dearest, or pour balm into wounds which only the angel of death can effectually heal.

Has it ever occurred to you that the piano factories of the United States have been literally educational institutions, whose beneficent influence on the morals of the nation has perhaps not been second to the same number of colleges; and this not so much through the scientific musicians, who are but few, as through the army of amateurs for whom music is a pastime rather than a science?

We are not here entering a plea in favor of superficiality; on the contrary, we insist that, considering music even as an amusement, they will enjoy it most who understand it best. But we also insist, for the reasons already given, as well as for the further reason that a superficial knowledge of music may lead those whose tastes and capacities fit them for it, to a further and more profound study of the subject, that the study of music as an accomplishment or means of amusement is not only not the unmitigated evil which some pretend it is, but, on the contrary, an important and beneficial thing.

Right here, if we thought that the fairer half of our readers would, for a little while, allow us to encroach upon their vested rights as "lecturers," we should like to show those of them who, after having, in their girlhood, been more or less able musicians, now neglect music entirely for what they call "more serious matters," that they are abandoning one of the most potent means of making home attractive to husband and children, and perhaps indirectly encouraging habits of social dissipation of which they may have good cause to complain, but which had their origin not in willful wickedness, but in the natural hunger for amusement and relaxation we have spoken of, and which the wife and mother might have provided at home, but did not because of "more important things." But the ladies have not waived in our favor their high prerogatives as grand lecturers, and having now suggested the subject, we feel certain that their inherited talent and faithful practice will enable them to lecture themselves and each other upon it more skillfully and to much better purpose than we could do in our awkward and inexperienced manner.

AN impostor, described as an old man, who is, or pretends to be, deaf, and uses an ear-trumpet, has been taking subscriptions to the REVIEW in Western Missouri and Eastern Kansas, representing himself as agent for KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW. We have no such agent and never have had. Of course, we never hear of the subscription until some victim of his writes to inquire why the REVIEW is not sent, when we can only express regret that his "racket" should have succeeded in deceiving the complainant. As in every instance we have heard of he had the ear-trumpet, it is probable that he is really deaf, and this infirmity may furnish a clew to his identity. Look out for him!

NATURE'S MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS.

THE devil's voice in Ceylon is heard in clear nights on the hills and among the valleys in different places, passing quickly from one spot to another, sometimes resembling the barking of a dog, sometimes a mournful human voice, and has been described by several travelers, English, Dutch, and German. Autenrieth, Richard Pohl, Schubert, and others have endeavored to trace it to natural causes, but Schleiden gives up a satisfactory explanation of it. Persian traditions tell of a similar phenomenon, the cry of the Gule, which is heard in the mountain region of that country, together with the noises of the ringing of metals, the sound of drums, and the trampling of horses. The traveler Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century, told of noises of weapons and horsemen, the voices of men and musical harmonies which were heard frequently in the desert of Lob; and his contemporary, the monk Rubricus, described the regions north of the Altai Mountains as the scene of similar manifestations. The devil's voice in Ceylon has been ascribed to the effects of excessive heat; these sounds of the more northern regions are possibly due to the dryness of the climate. The region of Mount Sinai is rich in curious harmonious sounds.

Unaccounted-for sounds have been accompanied in some of the hotter parts of Africa by a light, which may indicate an electrical origin; this has been noticed by several observers on a mountain near Cape Town. A manifestation, which may be called a sound mirage, was described in the "Magasin Pittoresque" in 1852, by an English writer, who related that while traveling in the desert at a time when the atmosphere was clear, and the heat glowing, and everything was quiet, he heard for about ten minutes a joyous sound like the ringing of church-bells. He suggested that the organs of hearing might have been set in vibration through the extreme dryness of the air. (Kinglake, in "Eothen," relates a similar incident, if this is not the same.) The missionary Cabruta heard, on the Orinoco, a sound like the reverberations of cannon coming alternately from opposite directions, to which no one could assign an origin; and Humboldt says that the Indians of the same region tell of the sound of the holy trumpets blown by the Great Spirit.

Similar phenomena have been noticed at different places in Europe, and people remote from each other have alike referred them to a supernatural origin. Among them were the sounds in the air heard by a priest at Aufacq, near Beauvais, of which an account is given in a manuscript of the last century, and the noise of the Arlequin, which was heard in a churchyard near Arles. The Slavic people on the Adriatic and the Scandinavians of the North are equally inclined to believe in such manifestations and to notice them. The mirage of the *Fata Morgana* is sometimes accompanied with a sound like thunder. The Scottish Highlanders hear a mournful sound in the clefts of the rocks, which they ascribe to an evil spirit. Arndt tells of soft tones and cries emanating from the mountains of the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Distinct cracking sounds are heard on the Adriatic Sea.

Echoes are frequently mentioned that repeat the sound six or seven times. Such an echo is said by Pliny to have been at a portico in Olympia; another echo, described by Gassendi, near the grave of Metella, repeated a verse of the "Æneid" eight times. Addison heard in Italy a pistol-shot echoed fifteen times. An echo in the county of Argyll repeats the sound eight times after equal pauses, but with diminishing force. These phenomena are favored by the neighborhood of rocks, caves, and bodies of water. Pierre de Castellane, a French officer who served in Algiers, relates that he heard an echo repeated a thousand times on the mountain road to

Bel-Abbes; it seemed to pass from one mountain to another, and to resound from side to side. Admiral Wrangall, in his work on Siberia, tells of an echo at Teheki, near Kirensk, on the Lena, where a pistol-shot is repeated more than a hundred times among the high rocks, and seems like a volley of musketry but of the force of a cannon-shot.

Partly of the nature of the echo are the peculiar tones which are produced by the wind or the sea in rocky places. The learned Jesuit Kircher describes several such phenomena as sounding like the twanging of the harp, like an organ, or like bells. They have been noticed in Tartary, in Sweden, on the banks of the Guatemala Lake, and at a waterfall in the province of Kiang-Si, China. Pausanias speaks of the tuneful waves of the Ægean Sea; Professor Bruder has perceived the chord of the third of C sharp in them. The experiments of the brothers Heim have made it probable that the resonant property resides in some quality of the waters; and Oersted has discussed the subject of the "Harmony of Waterfalls" in his work on the "Spirit of Nature."

The agency of echoes is also observed in the music of grottoes. A fearful sound is said to be emitted from the grotto of Smaland, near Wibourg, in Finland, as if a living animal were imprisoned there. Similar sounds are attributed to grottoes in Switzerland and the island of Hispaniola. A cave near Barable in Hungary gives out a noise like a pistol-shot. Harmonious, soothing tones prevail in other caves, as in Fingal's Cave, Staffa, where the falling water-drops, the breezes, and the rolling waves striking upon the basaltic columns, combine to make it a real cave of melodies. The accord of tones in this cave is no doubt attributable in a great degree to the symmetry of its shape, and the regularity of the form and arrangement of the basaltic columns. Other musical sounds proceed from the bosom of a rock called the Piedra de Carichana Vieja, on the banks of the Orinoco; they begin at sunrise, and are attributed to the action of changes of temperature. The musical sounds which are heard on the heights between Mount Sinai and the Gulf of Suez, the bell-tones of the Djebel Nakus rock in the Red Sea, and the noises like thunder in the region of Sinai which are mentioned by Burckhardt, are caused by the rolling of the sands among the rocks.

The sonorous property of rocks is also manifested in the phonoliths or ringing stones, of which several remarkable ones are known. The embassy of the East India Company to China found a rock near the city of Taucham, which gave out a noise like the sound of a trumpet whenever it was rubbed with the finger. Such stones are not uncommon in the department of the Loire, in France; and the basin of a fountain in the court of the Institute of France, in Paris, was observed by Elwart to give the chord of F sharp when struck by the hand.

Plants also afford their peculiar sounds and music. Of this nature were the oracular voices of the oaks at Dordona, a rustling of the trees around the temple of Zeus, which, with the accompanying murmur of the sacred fountain, was held to be prophetic. The rustling of the trees was regarded by the Scandinavians and the Celts as a language of nature, full of significance, of which the Druids were the consecrated interpreters. Possibly the woods, which the priests regarded as holy, had the property of producing real harmonies, like those of the Æolian harp. Such harmonious woods and musical trees are mentioned in many traditions of the olden time and reports of later times. Some soldiers, encamped in a valley in the Black Forest toward the end of the seventeenth century, heard charming sounds in the tops of the fir-trees, accompanied by the rustling of the wind as it blew through the narrow valley. A tradition of a similar music in a wood near Cithas, in the department of the Haute Saone, France, is confirmed by

the testimony of an ear-witness, Desiré Monnier, author of "Traditions populaires comparées." The filao, a tree of the island of Bourbon, emits soft, melancholy tones when its slender boughs are shaken by the wind. An avenue of such trees is the source of wonderful, touching harmonies. The reeds and rushes of the island of Sylt, with their supple stems and interlaced roots, give forth, whenever the lightest winds are blowing, tones which are at times like whispers, like a subdued singing, or like a loud whistle.

A wind, which in this case causes the root-fibers, to club together and turns the limber stalks upon themselves, exerts a similar action on the innumerable thistles of the Hungarian steppes, where, as on the battle-field of Kopolna, mournful sounds mingled with the soft sighing of the wind, are heard on still nights. The poets of all ages have sung of these sounds of nature; the literature of the nations abounds in fables and myths concerning them; they possibly suggested the first attempts to make musical instruments; and they have suggested to the great musical composers themes for many of the striking passages of their most successful works.—Robert Springer in *Die Natur*.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

ANTON GREGOR RUBINSTEIN was born in 1830, in a small village of Bessarabia. His mother, an eminent artist, seems to have instilled into him a portion of her talent, and by study he has arrived at a height of fame that one could well suppose unattainable. In 1839 he went to Paris with his teacher, and it was there that his future was decided upon. Until then, his father had not been willing that his sons should adopt the profession of "artist;" but Franz Liszt, having already discerned the genius of the child, successfully opposed the father's hesitation. He pursued his studies at Paris, and in 1844 set out with his mother and brother for Berlin, where Dehn initiated him into the mysteries of composition. Mendelssohn also occupied himself in the cultivation of this extraordinary genius, who profited rapidly by the lessons and example of his two masters. After having traveled through Europe, he went to St. Petersburg, where a box containing his manuscripts was seized under the pretext that it contained proofs of a conspiracy. He was threatened with transportation to Siberia, but was eventually set at liberty. Space will not allow me to describe his triumphal journey over the world. He became known and appreciated as a composer, performer, and "chef d'orchestre." Marshal MacMahon conferred on him the order of the Legion of Honor.—*Le Pilote*.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BACH'S MUSICAL ALBUM (For Violin and Piano). By Gustave Bach. Morrisania Station, New York: R. Von Minden. This collection of eight compositions, shows talent of a high order in their composer. Gustave Bach has something to say, and he says it well. We hope to see more of this young author's work.

MUSICAL PUZZLE (Copyrighted), N. Lebrun, St. Louis, Mo., 1881. One part duet; originated and composed by N. Lebrun, the old St. Louis brass band leader, is the title of a musical curiosity laid on our desk by its composer. We pronounce the idea original, and the whole decidedly good. It will, as the author says, "prove interesting to some, instructive to others, a puzzle to many, and novel to all. It will create argument among musicians, and impart knowledge to many otherwise not attainable." Sent free to musicians and organizations, upon application to N. Lebrun, 207 South Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo. (See advertisement on another page.)

"CHRIST THE LORD" (A Sacred Cantata). By W. Williams. Boston: Ditson & Co. The author, in the introduction, says that he has endeavored to produce a work which should be "a happy medium between the so-called highly artistic music and the wishy-washy nothingness often passing for music." A somewhat cursory examination of the work leads us to believe that he has been fairly successful in accomplishing his purpose. 1. "CRADLE SONG." 2. "FANTASIA MAZURKA." 3. "MENS-UE" (All for Piano). By Alfredo Barilli. Atlanta: Phillips & Crews. Three musical compositions, which deserve to become popular.

1. "SOME ONE" (Ballad). By Marion. 2. "O, SALUTARIS." By Nicolao. Detroit: Roe Stephens. No. 1 is bad enough to become popular; No. 2, too bad for any use.

THE VIOLIN.

ANY one who will glance at the case of ancient viols in the South Kensington Museum, will be surprised at the fancy and fertility of style displayed. There was the knee viol, the bass viol, the Viol di Gamba, the violone, and the viol d'Amore. Some of these were inlaid with tortoise-shell and ivory, others elaborately carved and over-purled—facts most interesting to the connoisseur, and marking a period when cabinet work was at its zenith and musical sound in its infancy. * * * The variety and number of strings in these old viols is often childish. It looks like (what it was) playing with newly discovered resources—the real wealth of which it took two hundred years more to learn. If, in bowed instruments, you have more strings than fingers, the hand with difficulty overlays them; of course in the guitar tribe the work is divided between ten fingers instead of four. In the viol d'Amore an odd attempt was made to improve the timbre by a set of steel wires tuned sympathetically and running beneath the gut strings. It took two hundred years to convince people that the timbre lay with the wood, not the wires, nor could the old masters see that tone would only arrive with an extended study in the properties of wood and a radical change of model. * * *

It was not until Stradiuarius had entered upon his fifty-sixth year that he attained his zenith and fixed his model, known as the grand pattern. Between 1700 and 1725 those extraordinary creations passed from his chisel as the masterpieces on canvas passed from the brush of Raphael. The finest of these specimens—like that possessed by Mr. Adams, the Dolphin, and by Mr. Hart, the Betts Strad—fetch from £300 to £1,000, which last sum was offered by the Duke of Edinburgh for the Dolphin, and refused by Mr. Adams. To try and describe these instruments is like trying to describe the pastes, glazes, and blues of Nankin china. Beneath the tangible points of outline, scroll, character, and variety of thickness and modification of form, dependent on qualities of wood known to the master, there lie still the intangible things which will hardly bear describing, even when the violin is under the eye—one might almost say under the microscope. A rough attempt by contrast may be made in detail. Take but one detail for the benefit of the general reader, the inner side curves and angles of the middle boughs. In Gaspar and Maggini these curves are drooping at the corners, longish and undecided in character; in Duiffoprugcar it amounts almost to a wriggle. Nicolas Amati balances the top and bottom of his hollow curve with a certain mastery, but it still has a long oval sweep, with a definite relation of balance between the top and the bottom angle. Having mastered this sweep, Stradiuarius begins to play with his curves and angles. He feels strong enough to trifle, like a skilled acrobat, with the balance; he lessens the oval and tosses up his lower corner with a curious little crook at the bottom; the top angle towers proudly and smoothly above it, yet it is always graceful—delicious from its sense of freedom, almost insolent in its strength and self-confidence. There is a touch about Stradiuarius here as elsewhere; it is that which separates the great masters everywhere from their pupils—Giulio Romano from Raphael, Sivori from Paganini, Carlo Bergonzi from Stradiuarius. The freedom of Stradiuarius becomes license in Carlo Bergonzi, and coarseness in Joseph Guarnerius; for, although the connection between Joseph and Stradiuarius has been questioned, to my mind it is sufficiently clear. Although Stradiuarius made down to the last year of his life, still after 1730, feeling his hand and sight beginning to fail, he seldom signed his work. We can catch one, and only one, glimpse of him as he lived and moved and had his being at

Cremona in 1730, Piazza Domenico. Old Polledro, late chapelmaster at Turin, describes Antonius, the lute-maker, as an intimate friend of his master. He was high and thin, and looked like one worn with much thought and incessant industry. In summer he wore a white cotton night-cap, and in winter one of some woolen material. He was never seen without his apron of white leather, and every day was to him like every other day. His mind was always riveted upon his one pursuit, and he seemed neither to know nor to desire the least change of occupation. His violins sold for four golden livres apiece, and were considered the best in Italy; and as he never spent anything except upon the necessities of life and his own trade, he saved a good deal of money, and the simple-minded Cremonese used to make jokes about his thriftiness, and the proverb passed, "As rich as Stradiuarius."—*Rev. M. A. Harveys in Good Words.*

ANECDOTES OF LABLACHE AND GLUCK.

LABLACHE, the famous French Basso, was originally a double-bass player; but by the lucky accident of a singer's sudden indisposition, he was induced to attempt a character in an opera. The result was a success which rendered his return to the orchestra quite out of the question. He remained upon the stage and began his remarkable career of vocal and histrionic triumphs. Weber, who knew his portly figure in the orchestra, heard him sing a few months after his conversion to the lyric stage; and being struck with his magnificent quality of voice, exclaimed, "*Mein Gott! he is a double-bass still!*"

It happened, once upon a time that Lablache and General Tom Thumb were in Paris at the same time; the former engaged with Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini at the opera, the latter exhibiting his diminutive person at one of the minor theatres in a "*piece d'occasion*." By an odd co-incidence the biggest of basses and the tiniest of dwarfs living at that time were both lodged in the same hotel. An English tourist, desiring to make the general's acquaintance in private resolved to call upon him at his rooms, but mistook the door to which he had been directed by the hotel porter, and opened that of Lablache's sitting-room. Catching a glimpse of the great singer's mighty form, and overwhelmed with confusion at his blunder, he exclaimed apologetically, "A thousand pardons, sir; I was looking for little Tommy Thumb." "I am he!" thundered out Lablache in his deepest tones. "You!" gasped the amazed Briton, staring with all his might at the vast proportions of his interlocutor. "Why, I saw you yesterday at the Vaudeville, and you then seemed to me scarcely bigger than a baby." "Just so," rejoined Lablache. "That is how I am obliged to appear on the stage; but, as you see, when I am at home, I make myself comfortable by letting myself out to my natural dimensions." When poor Lablache told the story he used to conclude it by observing dryly, "My Englishman hearing this, fled as if the devil had been after him. I verily believe he is running still!"

GLUCK.

Gluck was not one of those restless natures who are formed by an incessant desire for work. The *cacoethes scribendi* was not his failing; he was fond of retirement, where he could read, muse and philosophize at ease. After the success of his "*Alceste*" at Vienna, he led the quietest of lives, affably receiving the most intelligent and accomplished persons of the day. But away from home, engaged in his professional occupations, the case was completely different. As soon as he took possession of his music-stand as leader of the orchestra, the courteous host was changed into a fearful tyrant. The least fault committed by the performers, the misinterpretation of a musical phrase, the failure to give a delicate shade of expression, put him into a state of fury. He made them begin over and over again, twenty or thirty times, until he was satisfied. Sometimes the hard words and scoldings fell so thick, that the musicians, instead of striking up, struck work altogether, leaving the master to storm at their empty desks. When they complained to the Emperor Joseph II, offering to resign, the good-natured monarch only said: "How can I help it? He is not a bad fellow; but the Bon Dieu has made him so, and neither you nor I can change him." Consequently, when Gluck led the orchestra, the musicians received double pay. For him, a fortissimo was never vigorous nor loud enough; as for a pianissimo, he required an almost inaudible softness. The work and act of composition he treated as a serious matter. When the moment of inspiration arrived, he gave himself up to it body and soul, forgetting food and drink, and starting from his bed at night to try a musical idea on the piano, and scoring it down before returning to rest.

If "the proof the pudding is in the eating," where shall we look for the proof of a printer's pi?

KISSES ON INTEREST.

An Old Man's Curtain Lecture to a Young Lady Known as "Sis."

44 COME here, Sis, and sit down beside me, and let me give you a little talking to. That is right. Sit clear at the other end of the sofa. It makes more room for my gout and corns, besides being a good habit for a young lady to become addicted to. Always pander to this habit, and you will, in time, find yourself walking through green meadows and beside the still waters of self-respect. You may be walking alone, to be sure, but you will have fewer lawn dresses to do up on Monday morning. I wish to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have noticed a care-worn look on her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I don't mean for you to run at and shake your skirts, and tell it to 'shoo,' as you would a hen, nor do I expect you to get on the other side of the fence and throw oyster cans and pieces of barrel staves at it, as you did at the cow yesterday. But I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes down and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You don't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she had kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And along through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands, whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kisses with which she has routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course she is not pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work these ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear to you to be more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face. She will leave you one of those days. Those burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened entirely, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late. There, there, don't cry; she has not left you yet. She is down in the kitchen stringing beans for dinner, and if you feel so badly you might go down and finish them, and let her change her dress. And after dinner you might do up the dishes while she takes a little nap. And then you might take down her hair and do it up for her. You need not wind it over your finger and fuss to make little spit curls, as you used to do with yours, but give it a good brushing, and wind it up gently and tenderly, as if you enjoyed doing it for her. The young man down in the parlor can wait until you have performed these duties. If he expresses any impatience you may explain to him that you feel under more obligations to your mother than you do to him. If this does not seem to satisfy him, ask him how many times he has got up in the middle of the night to warm peppermint for you when you were dying with the colic, or how many hours he has carried you up and down the room just because you would not be quieted in any other way? Ask him to repeat Mother Hubbard backwards. And if he is unable to do it, it will be a proof positive that he is not the one that has repeated it, and explained to you 1,700 times. Catechise him to find out if he is the one who gave you the black silk dress, and sat up all night to make it while you were off having a good time. Corner him up and make him admit that he went without a new bonnet last winter that you might enjoy a \$12 one that you admired so much. Wring from him a confession that he has a stitch in the side, brought there by doing up your finery week after week. Then show him out the front door, put on a calico apron, and go out and help your mother pick currants for jelly, and I guarantee you will think more of yourself, and the world will think more of you, and you will be happier and better for having done so.—*Peck's Sun.*

HON. S. H. YODER'S POSITION.—A representative man's opinion on other than political matters, is often of great use to his constituency. The Hon. S. H. Yoder, of Globe Mills, Pa., has thus recorded his opinion on a subject of popular interest. I have been selling St. Jacobs Oil for the last year. I have never heard a person speak of it, except as a splendid medicine, and as the great specific for rheumatic affections, whether inflammatory, acute or chronic, swellings, sores, sprains, burns, wounds, etc. I sell more St. Jacobs Oil than of any other kind of liniment, and it gives universal satisfaction. I will always keep it on hand. The farmers say, that for man or beast, they can find nothing to equal it.—*Des Moines, Iowa State Register.*

PEACE, PEACE TO HIM THAT'S GONE!

Fried', Fried' ihm, der hier ruht!

Poem by THOMAS MOORE.

BALLAD.

Music by FRED. W. WOLFF.

OP. 7, No. I.

SLOWLY, WITH FEELING.

Nach letz - ter Noth, Wenn

When I am dead, Then

ich bin todt, Leg' mich in fer - nem Ort, Wo Spre - chen

lay my head In some lone dis - tant dell, Where voi - - ces

nicht das Schwei - gen bricht, Die Stil - le stört kein Wort Das

cres.

dim.

ne'er shall stir the air, Or break its si - lent spell If

Vög - - - - - lein nur, Zur A - - - - - bend - - uhr, Soll

cres.

an - - - - - y sound Be heard a - - round, Let

mp *2/4*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

hal - - - - - ten mir die Hut, Wenn's

cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. *f* *p*

the sweet bird a - - lone, That

cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. *f*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

fle - hend singt, Die Nacht durch-dringt: "Fried', Fried' ihm, der hier ruht!"

pp

weeps in song, Sing all night long: "Peace, peace to him that's gone!"

p *pp*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ach, würd' von dir Ein Seuf - zer mir, Ein trau - ernd Wört - chen nur, Wie

p

Yet, oh, were mine One sigh of thine, One pit'y . ing Word from thee, Like

pp

Ped. * Ped. Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

Him - mels - schein Mir würd' es sein, Ein Schlag der Gna - den - uhr! Ob

gleams of heav'n, To sin - ners giv'n, Would be that word to me! How-

oh - - - - ne Ruh' Die Seel' bringt zu, Dies

e'er un - bless'd My shade would rest, While

Wört - - - - chen gäb' ihr Muth Ge-

list'n - - - - ing to that tone E-

nug wär's mir, Hört' ich von dir: "Fried', Fried' ihm, der hier ruht!"

nough 'would be To hear from thee: "Peace, peace to him that's gone!"

Come Dearest Fisher Maiden.

Komm schönes Fischermädchen.

Poem by H. HEINE.

Music by C. MEYERBEER.

ANDANTINO GRAZIOSO.

2. Du schö - nes

1. Du schö - nes

p legieramente.

1. Hith - er dear
2. While the day

2. Fi - scher-mäd - chen Siehst du den A - bend-stern? O komm zur stil - len Hüt - te,
1. Fi - scher-mäd - chen Trei - be den Kahn an's Land; Komm zu mir, setz dich nie - der,

1. fish - er maid - en Speed thy fleet bark to me, With thy young beau - ty la - den,
2. light is pal - ing 'Neath the mild ev' - ning star, Love, its sweet blush - es veil - ing,

2. Wer liebt ist ein - sam gern. In dei - ne Fes - seln le - ge Den trotz - i - gen wil - den
1. Wir ko - sen Hand in Hand. Leg' an mein Herz dein Köpf - chen, Und fürch - te dich nicht so
tranquillo.

1. Come where I pine for thee! In these true arms re - pos - ing, Se - cure from the treach'rous
2. Steals from the world a - far; Led by its gen - tle pow - er To thee ev - er turns my

2. Sinn, . . . Sanft wie die Ro - sen - wel - le Lenk' ihn zum Frie - den hin . . .
1. sehr, . . . Vertraust du dich doch sorg - los Täg - lich dem wil - den Meer . . .

1. main, . . . List - en to me dis - clos - ing Hope's fer - vid plea a - gain . . .
2. heart, . . . Mak - ing its storm - i - est hour Tran - quil wher - e'er thou art . . .

2. Da drau - sen auf dem Mee - - re Ist oft Ge-
 1. Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Mee - - re, Hat Sturm und

Dim. & Rit. Dolce.

1. E'en as that rest - less o - cean Throbs this wild
 2. Toss'd on doubts surg - es lone - ly, Let me thy

rit. *p a tempo.*

2. fahr und Noth, Senk' in mein Herz den An - ker Von dei - nem Le - bens - boot.
 1. Ebb' und Fluth, Und man - che schö - ne Per - le In sei - ner Tie - fe ruht.

1. heart of mine, But 'neath its dark com - mo - tion, Love's pre - cious pearls are thine.
 2. pit - ty move, Wreck not the hope whose on - ly Suc - cur can be thy love.

p *cres.* *p*

1 & 2. Komm! komm! du schö - nes Fi - scher - mäd - chen! Komm!

1. & 2. Come! come! for thee I pine dear maid - en! Come!

f *p* *f* *p*

1 & 2. komm! wir ko - sen Hand in Hand! Komm! Komm! Komm!
molto f *piu mosso.* *f* *f*

1 & 2. Come! oh, bring thy heart to mine! Come! Come! Come!

pp *molto piu mosso.* *f* *fff*



LESSON TO "VALE CAPRICE,"

BY WILLIAM SIEBERT.

A. Commence this short introduction rather softly and make a *crescendo*, as well as an *accelerando*, to its close.

B. The *valse* proper begins here. Observe well the phrasing, dynamic marks $\llcorner f, p$, etc.

C. These four measures must be played with a very loose, yielding wrist motion.

D. Give the melody with boldness and observe that the notes in the 3d and 4th measures, with double stems, are the continuation of the melody. They should be well sustained and struck several degrees stronger than the other notes, which are the accompaniment. All similar passages are to be played likewise.

E. This part must be performed in a very tender and caressing manner. Great care should be taken that the accompaniment is always subdued, so as not to take away from the melody, which must stand out in relief—as if sung by a clear, sonorous voice. All notes written in the upper staff are for the right hand. Observe the change of fingers $\overline{35}$ in the 3rd measure.

F. Render this part in a somewhat agitated manner and with great brilliancy. After this part the first part of the trio is repeated, then commence again from the beginning and play to the trio, where the *valse* finishes.

NEW MUSIC.

Among the latest of our issues we wish to call the special attention of our readers to the pieces mentioned below. We will send any of these compositions to those of our subscribers who may wish to examine them, with the understanding that they may be returned in good order, if they are not suited to their taste or purpose. The names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee of the merit of the compositions, and it is a fact now so well known that the house of Kunkel Brothers is not only fastidious in the selection of the pieces it publishes, but also issues the most carefully edited, fingered, phrased, and revised publications ever seen in America, that further notice of this fact is unnecessary.

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Waco Waltz.....	Sisson.
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VOCAL.

Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town (Von Edinburg kaum eine Meile Weit)—Scotch Ballad.....	Scotch
I Heard the Wee Bird Singing ("Ein Voeglein hoert' ich Singen").....	George Linley.
Chilgowlalibedory (Comic).....	H. A. Saxon.
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Valse Caprice.

Composed by

JEAN PAUL.

VIVO. A

Section A, measures 1-8. The music is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with triplets and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*. A tempo marking of *VIVO* is present. A performance instruction *accel. e cres.* appears in measure 6. Pedal points are indicated by asterisks in measures 4, 6, and 8.

Section B, measures 9-16. The music continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure. Dynamics include *p*. Pedal points are indicated by asterisks in measures 10, 12, 14, and 16.

Section C, measures 17-24. The music features a more complex melodic line with many triplets. Dynamics include *f* and *cres.*. Pedal points are indicated by asterisks in measures 18, 20, 22, and 24.

Section D, measures 25-32. The music continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure. Dynamics include *p*. Pedal points are indicated by asterisks in measures 26, 28, 30, and 32.

Section E, measures 33-40. The music features a more complex melodic line with many triplets. Dynamics include *molto cres.*. Pedal points are indicated by asterisks in measures 34, 36, 38, and 40.

D *Giocoso.*

f

Ped.

Ped.

p

Ped.

molto cres.

Ped.

E *TRIO. Cantabile.*

con amore.

p

Ped.

Ped.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings (5, 4, 3, 5, 1, 4, 2). Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and fingerings (1, 4, 2). Pedal markings (Ped.) are present under the bass staff. A first ending bracket is shown above the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melodic line with slurs and fingerings (5, 4, 3, 2, 5, 4). Bass staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present. The system ends with a double bar line and the word "FINE." written above the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings (8, 4, 4). Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and fingerings (4). Pedal markings (Ped.) are present. The system ends with a double bar line and a first ending bracket above the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings (8, 4, 5, 3, 5, 1). Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and fingerings (1, 2). Pedal markings (Ped.) are present. The system ends with a double bar line and a first ending bracket above the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings (8, 4, 4). Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and fingerings (4). Pedal markings (Ped.) are present. The system ends with a double bar line and a first ending bracket above the treble staff.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings (8, 4, 4). Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and fingerings (3, 4). Pedal markings (Ped.) are present. The system ends with a double bar line and a first ending bracket above the treble staff.

CONTENT.

(Zufriedenheit.)

Answer to "Heimweh" by Jungman.

JEAN PAUL.

ANDANTE. *Con espress.* L.H. L.H. L.H. L.H.

Con brio.

rit a tempo.

Animato.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

First system of a piano piece. The right hand features a melodic line with various fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and a dynamic marking of *p*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks.

Second system of the piano piece. It includes a section marked 'TEMPO I. L.H.' with a dynamic marking of *p*. The right hand continues with melodic passages, and the left hand has a more active role. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks.

Third system of the piano piece. The right hand has a section marked 'L.H.' with a dynamic marking of *f*. The left hand features a melodic line with fingerings. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks.

Fourth system of the piano piece. The right hand has a section marked 'rit.' and 'mf'. The left hand features a melodic line with fingerings. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks.

Fifth system of the piano piece. It begins with the marking 'A TEMPO. dolce.' The right hand features a melodic line with fingerings. The left hand has a harmonic accompaniment. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks.

Sixth system of the piano piece. The right hand features a melodic line with fingerings and a dynamic marking of *dim.* and *p*. The left hand has a harmonic accompaniment. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks.

MUZZA! MURRA!

Galop di Bravoura.

Composed by

H. A. WOLLENHAUPT.

SECONDO.

VIVO.

The first system of musical notation is for the piano part, written in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. It consists of two staves. The first staff has a series of rests followed by two measures of eighth notes, each marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The second staff has rests followed by two measures of eighth notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piano part. It features a forte (f) dynamic in the first measure, followed by a crescendo hairpin leading to a piano (p) dynamic in the fifth measure. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and fingerings, such as a 4-fingered triplet in the right hand.

The third system of musical notation includes first and second endings, marked with '1' and '2' above the staff. It features a forte (f) dynamic and complex rhythmic patterns with many beamed notes.

All the parts must be repeated as indicated.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piano part with first and second endings. It features a forte (f) dynamic and complex rhythmic patterns with many beamed notes.

The fifth system of musical notation continues the piano part with first and second endings. It features a forte (f) dynamic and complex rhythmic patterns with many beamed notes.

H U Z Z A ! H U R R A !

Galop di Bravoura.

Composed by

H. A. WOLLENHAUPT.

The image displays a page of musical notation for a piano piece, likely a technical exercise or a short composition. The notation is written for a grand piano (G-clef and F-clef) in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The piece is marked "VIVO." and "PRIMO." at the top.

The notation consists of several systems of staves, each containing a treble and bass staff. The music is characterized by complex fingerings (numbers 1-5) and dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *dim.* (diminuendo), *p* (piano), and *cres.* (crescendo). The piece includes various musical notations, including slurs, ties, and repeat signs.

At the bottom of the page, there is a dashed line with the number "8" and the text "All the parts must be repeated as indicated." This suggests that the music is part of a larger, multi-measure exercise or a piece with a specific structure.

SECONDO.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *cres.*. First ending bracket labeled 1, second ending bracket labeled 2.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *f*.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *ff*. Includes first and second endings.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *sf*, *sf*.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *sf*, *sf*. Includes first and second endings.

PRIMO.

8-----

The second time the right hand in octaves.

f *cres.*

8-----

sf

8-----

ff

8-----

ff

8-----

sf

Huzza Hurra!—4,]

SECONDO.

First system of musical notation. The right hand plays a series of chords, while the left hand plays single notes. The dynamic marking *f* (forte) is present in both staves.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with chords, and the left hand with single notes. The dynamic marking *p* (piano) is introduced in the right hand.

Third system of musical notation. It includes first and second endings for the right hand. The dynamic marking *f* (forte) is present.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand plays chords, and the left hand plays single notes. The dynamic marking *f* (forte) is present.

Fifth system of musical notation. It includes first and second endings for the right hand. The dynamic marking *sf* (sforzando) is present.

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand plays single notes, and the left hand plays single notes. The dynamic marking *sf* (sforzando) is present, followed by *multo cres.* (much crescendo) and a final *ff* (fortissimo) chord.

PRIMO.

8-----

sf

2 4 1 2 4 3 2 4 1 2 4 3 2 4 1

4 2 3 1 4 2 3 4 2 3 1 4 2 3 4 2 3

8-----

f

2 4 3 4 2 3 2 1 3 1 3 5 2

4 2 3 1 3 1 3 1 3 1 3 2 5

8-----

f

4 1 4 3 2 1 4 3 1 2 3 3 1 3 2 3 4 2 4 3 1 3 4 3

1 4 1 2 4 1 2 5 4 2 4 2 3 2 1 3 1 2 5 3 2 3

8-----

2 3 2 4 2 5 1 2 3 1 3 2 3 4 2 4 3 1 3 4 3 2 1 2 1 2 5 3

4 2 3 1 3 1 5 3 2 4 2 3 2 1 3 1 2 5 3 2 1 3 1 2 1 3

8-----

f The second time the right hand in octaves.
cres.

1 3 1 3 2 1 4 1 4 2 1 1 4 3 1 2 5 4 1 3 4 3 2 1 3

4 1 4 3 2 3 1 3 1 4 1 2 5 4 1 3 4 3 2 1 3

8-----

molto cres. *ff* *sf* *sf* *f*

3 2 3 1 2 3 4 5 3 2 3 1 2 3 4 5 4 5 3 2 3 1 2 3 4

1 3 4 3 2 1 3 1 3 4 3 2 1 3 1

Repeated Chords with Melodious Treble.

1

Ex. 313.
Piano.

2

Chord Series upon Organ Point with Flowing Melody.

1

Ex. 314.
Piano.

2

HARMONY.

137

Inversions with Single and Repeated Chords.

1

Ex. 315.

In this instance the third is doubled acceptably, the voices moving flowingly.

2 Allegretto.

Ex. 316.

The diligent student will analyze these examples, observing the proper introduction of the chord of the 4-6, the descending of the leading tone, where of advantage, etc., etc.

3 Andante.

Ex. 317.
Piano.

In the following number an attempt is made to utilize No. 3 for a short melody for Violin and Piano. The key of D has been chosen, with slight alterations in the positions of some of the chords. The melody is composed upon the framework of the chords, while the latter are given as arpeggios.

4 Cantabile.

Violin.

Piano.

Legato.

Violin.

Piano.

Enriching the Melody.

§ 166. By the introduction of a few passing tones and some further alterations in the chords and melody, the short composition is improved.

lin.

Ex. 318.

Piano.

HARMONY.

139

(Ex. 318 continued.)

Violin.

Piano.

rit.

colla voce.

Subdominant introducing Chord of the 4-6 of the Tonic.

§ 167. The chord of the Tonic comes in with peculiar force when prepared by that of the Subdominant.

1 Subd.

2 incomp.

Ex. 319.

Piano.

3

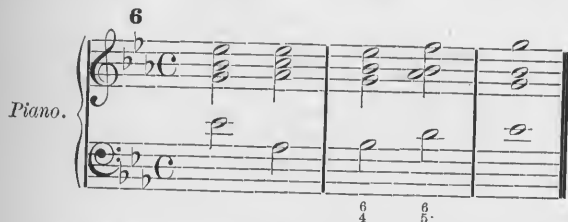
4

5 not good. Covered 5ths with Bass.

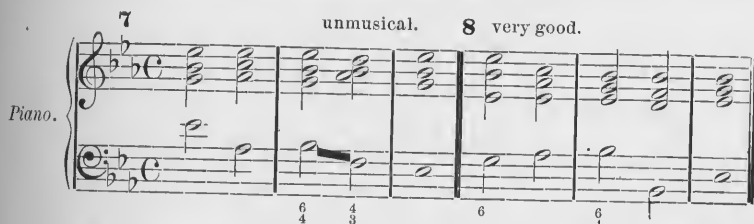
6 resol tone.

No. 5 is not good, because the resolution tone (f#) of the dissonant 4th (g) is given in another part, namely the Bass. This unusual progression, as will be perceived, gives rise to awkwardness in the voicing of the parts, showing that a single unmusical move creates general havoc.

Nevertheless there is a way of making the displacing of the resolution tone a little more acceptable. The chord of the Dominant 7th with its more pronounced tendency of progression, its intimate relationship to the chord of the Tonic, and its pleasant dissonant 7th, riveting the attention of the ear, admirably serves our purpose here.



But it may be doubted whether a good composer would write a series like that at No. 6. The student should distinctly remember that style of composition down to its smallest minutiae, is a matter of *selection*, not one of compulsion. There are in music as many possibilities of bad as of good writing. It remains with the persevering student to learn to discriminate between the beautiful and unbeautiful, and to reject *all but the very best*. Let it be remembered that nothing poor, bad, incorrect or even weak should be written; that it should *all* be good, and that at each step the *best possible* progression should be chosen. The same is necessarily true of all other points in composition and musical art. The following number (7) is highly unmusical. We write it because we deem it important that the student should develop a keen sense for what is unmusical, and thus learn to avoid it.



§ 168. No. 8 is excellent, because 1) the chord of the 6th appears in one of its favorable positions; 2) the chord of the 4-6 is introduced by the chord of the Subdominant, thus appearing in the most impressive manner; 3) the dissonant 4th (e^b) is properly resolved; 4) the Bass is flowing, easy and natural; and 5) because all the parts are flowing, moving in compact harmony.

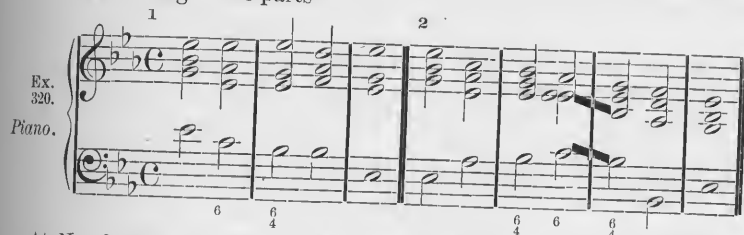
HARMONY.

141

monies. No. 7 partakes of some of the good qualities of No. 8, but is rendered unacceptable by the awkward move in the Bass, as marked.

Chord of the 6th of Subdominant introducing Chord of the 4-6 of Tonic.

§ 169. This results in a weaker appearance of the chord of the 4-6 of the Tonic, but is perfectly correct, and may arise, or become unavoidable, from the peculiar voicing of the parts



At No. 2 there are two chords of the 4-6. The covered unisons, as marked, are not perceptible on the piano or organ; the four parts have been given throughout to call attention to this progression. In ordinary writing for the Piano it is usual not to adhere to any set number of parts. No. 2 would be written as follows:



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THE GRAPHOSCOPICON—ITS MARVELOUS POSSIBILITIES—SAINTED SEALS.

[San Francisco Evening Bulletin.]

We have had such charming weather of late that everybody with his wife is going to the Cliff. The atmosphere is just sufficiently humid to serve as a sort of emollient for cuticles frayed by our summer winds, and their life-giving rays of the sun permeate space like a benison from the Giver of all Good. Late lingering tourists have found a climatic bonanza, and we know of several Englishmen at our leading hotels, who, on this account, are loth to leave us for the pea-soup fogs, the wintry sleet and pelting rains of their tight little island. Our wealthy British cousins, whose only object in life is enjoyment, are to be commended for remaining where the atmospheric condition is so perfect as it is at present on the peninsula of San Francisco. They are making the most of it. Two of these much-to-be-envied individuals had an unexpected adventure the other day, which it is well enough to relate in detail. We will call our friends Burroughs and Brown, sons of wealthy Manchester men who had chummed for a tour of the world, and, with youth, health and unlimited money, they were pattern "globe trotters." Dawdling over breakfast at the Palace one morning, Burroughs, throwing down the *Call*, said, with sudden earnestness, as if he had discovered a new sensation:

"Cliff, to-day?"

"Why the Cliff?" returned Brown, deliberately cracking the end of his third egg (your Englishman always eats his egg direct from the shell). "Why go to the Cliff? We are asked to go down to somebody's place at Menlo, you know. I believe they call it Menlo."

"Aw, yes; I remember; but we can turn that up for the present, if you like. I've been reading in this paper that the Cliff is delightful just now, and that the seals, taking advantage of the warm weather, are swarming over the rocks to bask in the sun. We've never had a good look at the beggars, and I would like to do so before we leave. Let's go to-day, and we'll catch 'em all out."

"Oh, I don't mind," assented Brown. "I'm agreed. Here, waiter, have a team brought round from the nearest livery, and fetch us a go of brandy in the meantime."

They discussed the cognac leisurely, and just as Burroughs was remarking on the excellent quality of the tippie the blarsted Americans furnish, the waiter reported:

"Horses all ready, sir."

"Aw! send to number 46 and 48 for our overcoats and driving gloves. Look sharp about it, for I want to get there before the crowd comes. I ate a crowd. 'Ere's your tip."

Then the two B's sauntered out into the patio, the slender, light-brown Villars they had lighted tracking their way with perfume. They admired the horses, as only Englishmen can clean-limbed, supple-jointed, velvety-skinned animals they were, tossing their heads proudly, and sniffing the fresh air with quivering nostrils as a connoisseur inhales the faint bouquet of a fine wine.

"All ready?" asked Burroughs, when the needed garments were brought. "I'll take the ribbons."

"Right you are," said Brown; "but hold 'em 'ard, old man. They look skittish."

The drive to the Cliff was an exhilaration, Brown

had his wish in not finding the place crowded. It was too early for the rush. Foster, mine host, was there radiant in manner and jovial as usual. Otherwise, bald, blarneying and benevolent, as became the keeper of the *locus sigillum*—the Place of the Seal, as Charley Webb once facetiously called the Cliff House. The scene was health-giving, life-inspiring. Away to the west, old ocean stretched as smooth as a lake, and the white-winged ships were slipping down the horizon's verge, bearing the products of California to every quarter of the globe. Old Pacificus was as smiling, as if it had never been guilty of a treacherous act, never stranded a ship nor drowned a sailor.

It was a splendid morning for the *phocæ*. They were out in force; and like magnified leeches, wriggled up the creviced cliffs in every direction. Huge fellows, some of them, that might weigh half a ton and over, and cubs that you could carry away in the pocket of an ulster. Every glass on the balcony was directed toward the interesting sight. Suddenly a gigantic specimen emerged from the ocean and flippers himself up to a rocky beach.

"'Pears to me," lisped a young lady—"pears to me that one is different from the others. Seems to be marked."

"God bless my soul," exclaimed an elderly gentleman, her father, after vigorously rubbing and carefully readjusting the lenses of his glass, "if I did not know it was impossible, I should say that seal had letters marked on his pelt." There were half-suppressed exclamations from the few present.

Brown was silent. But he was looking earnestly at the animal. Finally he handed the binocular to Burroughs with the remark, "Tell me what you think of it. I'm beat."

Burroughs, in his turn, riveted his gaze on the huge body of the sea lion, as he turned himself in the sun.

"By Jove, but it's curious, you know. I swear I can make out an S and a J—and, let me look again—yes, and an O. There's another fellow coming up out of the water—a big fellow—and he seems to be marked or lettered, too. I think my eyes are all right, and the glass is A One—Dolland's, of London, you know. I can't be deceived. But I must say it's strange."

"Let's go and see the landlord," suggested Brown.

After a glass of "Bitter," Brown said to Foster, "Landlord, what's the matter with the seals over yonder? Have you been branding them?"

"Tut," replied Foster, sententiously, "They're old bulls, I suppose, torn in a fight. They get horribly chawed up, sometimes."

"Oh, is that it?" said Brown, drawing a deep breath, "I must be the victim of an optical illusion. Let's go back to the balcony, and have another look."

Meantime, an animated debate was in progress on the outside. A positive-minded German, who held a glass of more than average power in his hand, and who could not be reasoned from the evidence of his senses, insisted that he had readily made out the letters on the bodies of both the seals, and they read nothing more nor less than "St. Jacobs Oil." The rest of the company were laughing at and poo-pooing him; but Brown said quietly to Burroughs, "I made out the same words, you know, but hang me if I liked to say so. I didn't care to be laughed at, although I could well afford to, because St. Jacobs Oil cured my rheumatism contracted during our buffalo hunt in Wyoming last season."

Just then a serious, honest-looking man approached our English tourists and remarked:—"Gentlemen, I think I can explain this apparent mystery. Yesterday morning quite early, when I was out here enjoying the fresh air quietly, a party of three persons arrived from the city, and after making a reconnaissance and finding the coast clear, they took an oddly-formed instrument from their buggy, which they set up in that corner and adjusted with a good deal of

care. It was shaped somewhat like a photographer's camera, but with more complicated machinery. They seemed jealous of observation, so I did not intrude myself on them at first, and only noted their operations from a distance. They were evidently testing their queer machine by a series of experiments, with more or less success. I observed that when they directed the projecting tubes of the apparatus toward any object, making a focus, I suppose, there was always a commotion at that point. For example, a Whitehall boat, pulled by a couple of men, happened to pass at the time. It was made an object. The rowers suddenly unshipped their oars and crawled under the thwarts, as if to escape an attack. When the instrument was turned in another direction they reappeared, and after comparing notes and finding they had sustained no personal injury, stood up in the boat and cursed vigorously. We were in plain view from the platform—machine and all. A pilot boat beating out of the Heads was also brought under the influence, and I saw the man at the wheel squirm as if in pain, and call up some one from below, who evidently repeated his experience. I noticed further, that a strange sort of light flickered over and about the object toward which the tubes were directed; it was quite visible, although the sun was shining brightly. After several such tests, one of the experimenters said, 'Now, then, for the seals.' There were not many on the rocks at the time, but there were two or three large ones among the number. The man who appeared to have principal direction of the machine produced a placard—a St. Jacobs Oil placard—and fitted it in a sort of slide attached to the apparatus. Selecting the largest animal in the group of sea lions as the object, he sighted the tube, then moved a lever, as he had done before, that set some hidden machinery in motion. The effect was almost instantaneous. The sea lion roused himself, gave a sudden roar, leaped into the ocean, and was out of sight at once. 'I think he's marked,' said the operator; 'let's try another.' The experiment was repeated on another sleepy monster, and he rolled down the side of the cliff in a hurry, barking as if in pain. But by this time it would seem the animals had taken alarm, for they left the rocks in short order. There was a good deal of congratulation among the party as they discussed the effect of the operations of the apparatus, while they were carefully covering it in order to return to the city. I ventured to approach and to ask one of them the nature and uses of the instrument; but I received at first only evasive replies. My curiosity was evidently out of place. Finally one of the parties said:—"My friend, this is a recent invention, that has cost no end of time and trouble, and which has been secured by the house of A. Vogeler & Co., of Baltimore, Maryland, the proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil, at an expense of nearly \$200,000. We call it the Graphoscopicon; but the nature of its operations must remain a secret at present, as its possibilities are yet greater than what you have seen to-day. We are in the employ of A. Vogeler & Co., and our business is to make their great remedy known all over the United States, and by every means possible." I think therefore, gentlemen," concluded the serious, honest-looking man, "the sea lions that have excited your wonder are those marked yesterday in the strange manner I have described. Wonders will never cease. Good morning, gentlemen."

"Stop," said Burroughs, to the serious, honest-looking man.

"Old ard," followed Brown, "Did you ever see an instrument called a Heliosat or Heliotrope, used for rendering distant stations visible?"

"Yes, I have seen the instrument you name."

"Was this one—this Graphoscopicon, as you call it—anything like it?"

"Only in a degree. Perhaps it was an expansion of the same idea."

"Good morning,"

Brown and Burroughs did not talk much on their way back to the city. They seemed puzzled by what they had seen.

"Brown," said Burroughs, at last, as they turned out of the Park gates, "what do you think of this business, anyway? Do you believe that smooth-talking fellow's story?"

"I'm blessed if I know what to say," responded Brown, as he lit a fresh cigar. "These Americans are up to hev'rything in the way of advertising. He may tell the truth. That signaling arrangement they call a heliosat isn't a marker to this, though."

"Do you mean that as a joke?" asked Burroughs, somewhat sternly.

"'Pon honor, no. If you like, we'll drop the subject. When we get back to London we'll set those fellows at the Polytechnic to work to find out all about it."—*Adv.*

ST. LOUIS.

THE first concert of the St. Louis Choral Society, for the current season, was given at Mercantile Library Hall on December 15. The programme consisted of the overture to "Egmont," *Beethoven*; the march and chorals, "Joyful we greet etc.," from *Tannhäuser*, and *Beethoven's* mass in C Major.

The Egmont overture was given in capital style by the orchestra, as was also the Tannhäuser march. Probably from not having had a sufficient number of rehearsals with the orchestra, however, the chorus seemed somewhat bewildered, and the attack, in many cases, lacked that promptness and accuracy which is so necessary in the rendering of works of this character. The voices, too, seemed hardly well balanced—there appeared to be an undue prominence of the soprano part. In the mass, these shortcomings became more evident; the prominence of the soprano becoming, at times, actually unpleasant. Had Theodore Thomas been present, he would doubtless have seen in this an additional fact in support of his statement that the voices of American women are shrill to excess. The solo parts, taken by Mrs. McPheeters, Mrs. Mills and Messrs. Doan and Saler, were excellently rendered, the two ladies especially, singing with great taste and understanding the parts assigned them.

We felt deeply grateful to the society for keeping the old trap, which a jobbing operation of a local music seller caused to be put up into the Library Hall as a Grand Organ, some years ago, entirely silent throughout the concert. Its organ-like tones are not pleasant to our ears.

Professor Otten, the musical director, is doubtless quite as well aware of the shortcomings of the performance as we are, but yet he has no reason to feel ashamed of his work nor of that of his society. This was their first concert for this season and, considering the relatively short time they have had in which to study these difficult works, their rendering of them was highly creditable, both to them and to him. The society's next concert will doubtless show the marks of the conductor's faithful training in a considerable improvement.

The first of a series of musical soirées, to be given at the St. Louis College of Music, 2640 Washington avenue, took place on Tuesday, December 20. The following was the programme:

PART FIRST.—1. Piano Duet, "Marche des Jeunes Dames," Goldbeck, Misses Mary Whitfield and Seta McMillan; 2. Trio, (As Chorus) "Autumn," Goldbeck, Mrs. Dean, Misses Petring, Foster, Connell, Curtiss, McMillan, Clark, Sturgeon, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Goldbeck and Miss Whitfield; 3. Piano Solo, "Recollections of Home," Mills, Miss Amelia Garesché; 4. Vocal Solo, "Air with Variations," Rode, Mrs. Albert F. Dean; 5. Piano Solo, "Danse des Sylphes," Gottschalk, Mrs. Goldbeck; 6. Vocal Solo, "Caro Nome," Verdi, Miss Jessie Foster; 7. Quartette, "Sunset," Goldbeck, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Ehler, Messrs. Maginnis and Oscar Bollman, accompanied by Otto Bollman.

PART SECOND.—"Rondo Capriccioso," Mendelssohn, Miss Seta McMillan; 2. Vocal Solo, (a) "O, Lay Thy Cheek on Mine," (b) "On the Banks of the Manzanares," Jensen, Mrs. Albert F. Dean; 3. Piano Solo, "Dreaming by the Brook," Goldbeck, Miss Zelle Minor; 4. Vocal Solo, "Gipsy Maid," Wallace, Miss Jessie Foster; 5. Piano Solo, (a) "Weeping Rock," Goldbeck, (b) "Ungarisch," Willmors-Goldbeck, Mr. Goldbeck; 6. Trio, (As Chorus) "Evening," Goldbeck, Mrs. Dean, Misses Petring, Foster, Connell, McMillan, Curtiss, Clark, Sturgeon, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Goldbeck and Miss Whitfield.

Robert Goldbeck's vocal and piano pupils make the impression, as we have had occasion to observe before, of artistic performers, more than mere amateurs, the guiding hand of the master teacher is felt in all they do. Miss Jessie Foster, whose voice is gradually becoming stronger, sang in admirable style, and with much finish of execution. Mrs. Dean, who, we think, excels in classical music, gave a fine rendering of Jensen's beautiful songs. The Misses Minor, McMillan, Garesché, and Mrs. Goldbeck, four pupils of Mr. Goldbeck's advanced classes, fairly vied with each other in delicacy of execution, and clearness and beauty of style. Some of Goldbeck's famous concerted pieces, such as the trios for female voices, "Autumn" and "Evening," and the quartette for mixed voices, "Sunset," formed the "pieces de resistance" of the programme. A fine Knabe Baby Grand was sent by Messrs. Read & Thompson.

On the 22d of December, William H. Sherwood, of Boston assisted by the "Philharmonic Quintette Club," gave a piano recital in Memorial Hall. The programme was as follows: I. Finale—Allegro ma non troppo—Josef Haydn; from String Quartette, op. 76, in G. II. Piano solo—(a) Scherzo, from Sonata, op. 35; Nocturne, F sharp, op. 15; Scherzo, C sharp minor, op. 39—F. Chopin; (b) Mestoso Semper Energico from Fantasia in C, op. 17—R. Schumann; Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood. III. Theme and variations—F. Schubert; from String Quartette in D minor. IV. Piano solo—(a) La Fileuse (spinning song)—J. Raff; (b) "If I were a Bird," Etude—A. Henselt; (c) Grande Polonaise in E—F. Liszt; Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood. V. Finale—Allegro from op. 75, in A—F. Kiel; for piano, two violins, viola and violoncello. VI. Piano solo—Organ Fantasia and Fugue,

G minor—J. S. Bach; arranged for piano by F. Liszt; Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood.

Mr. Sherwood had caused himself to be widely advertised as "The Greatest American Pianist," and such a claim is, of course, a challenge to close criticism.

We had given Mr. Sherwood credit for correct and intelligent phrasing, when we had heard him, on former occasions, play selections which he had studied with his teachers, but we were reluctantly compelled to the conclusion that the intelligence he then manifested was not his own, but that of his instructors, for, in the Chopin numbers, which he had evidently studied alone, he failed ridiculously. In the "Scherzo from op. 35," he took unwarranted liberties which detracted from the work, while in the "Nocturne in F sharp, op. 15," he played with a boarding-school-girl sentimentality which contrasted unhappily with the poetical rendering of the same work by Rubinstein, Bülow and Essipoff, with which the musical American public is familiar. In the so-called "Scherzo in C sharp minor," half of the notes in the arpeggio accompaniment in the left hand to the choral-like melody of the middle part, were entirely inaudible, if they were struck at all.

In his next number, "La Fileuse," Raff, and "If I were a Bird," Henselt, were played more satisfactorily. The first especially was given in a style similar to, and approaching and perhaps in imitation of, Satter's. The second would have been nearly as well done but for the very perceptible *ritardando* in difficult passages, but in the "Polonaise in E," Liszt—which Mr. Sherwood (determined to have something grand about his programme, if not about his playing), dubbed, over Liszt's shoulders, *Grande Polonaise*—Mr. Sherwood fell even lower than in the Chopin numbers. As one of the audience at our side remarked: "He didn't touch bottom!" and we would advise Mr. Sherwood never again to touch Liszt. To say wherein he failed in this *cheval de bataille* of all pianists, would be to go over every phrase and movement and repeat again and again—lack of understanding, lack of force, lack of everything save a certain nimbleness of execution.

In his last selection, "Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor," Mr. Sherwood appeared at his best. After the prelude, which evidently demands more poetry than Mr. Sherwood possesses, the selection was given almost faultlessly. We should have preferred, in the middle portion, the Liszt arpeggios, which more closely imitate the organ, to the plain chords struck by Mr. Sherwood, but that may be a matter of taste.

In a word, Mr. Sherwood is not only not the "Greatest American Pianist" he claims to be, but in his native Boston are more than one who are his superiors: Perry, the blind pianist, could give him some profitable lessons in playing Chopin; Carlyle Petersilea might be able to show him that soul has something to do with piano playing and he might profitably sit at Satter's feet for half a decade. Rivé-King, Carreño, S. B. Mills, Emil Liebling, and a dozen other Americans who might be mentioned, surpass Mr. Sherwood in everything which goes to make a great pianist.

The numbers of the programme performed by the Quintette Club, though enjoyable, showed some lack of preparation; that was, however, perhaps natural, since, to use a popular phrase, they all, on this occasion, played "second fiddle" to Mr. Sherwood.

The Miller Concert Grand was used on this occasion for the first time in a St. Louis concert. The beauty of its tone was a matter of general comment. We hope to hear it again and often in future concerts, for we endorse the public verdict that it has no superiors.

Tired and disappointed with the Sherwood matinee, it was almost reluctantly that we traveled over two miles through a drizzling rain to attend the "Second Orchestral Concert of the St. Louis Musical Union." We were not alone, however, in braving the inclemency of the weather, for the hall was filled with a select audience, who listened attentively to the following programme:

PART I.—1. Overture—Ossian—Niels Gade; Grand Orchestra. 2. Phaëton—Poème Symphonique—Saint Saëns. 3. Aria and Cavatina—From the North Star—Meyerbeer; Miss Emilie A. Cuno; Flute Obligato: Messrs. Buechel and Loewe, with orchestra accompaniment. 4. Concerto for piano—F sharp minor—Reinecke; Miss Nellie Strong, with orchestra accompaniment. PART II.—5. Overture—The Merry Wives of Windsor—Nicolai; Grand Orchestra. 6. Musical Humoresque (by request)—E. Scherz; Grand Orchestra. 7. Quartette—(a) The Water Lily—Abt; (b) The Spring again Rejoices—Dürner; Amphion Quartette. 8. Knechtelrabe (by request)—Waltz—Strauss; Grand Orchestra. 9. The Awakening of the Lion—Kontski; Grand Orchestra.

We arrived a few minutes late, and found ourself one of a number against whom the doors had been closed during the performance of the first selection. A capital idea, and a rule which we hope will be rigidly enforced at all future concerts.

"Phaëton," with all its richness of orchestral effects, after the first few bars, which were not played with sufficient accuracy of attack, was rendered in capital style. Miss Cuno sang her Aria and Cavatina very well for an amateur, and seemed to be a favorite with the audience. Miss Nellie Strong, who was heard for the first time in public since her return from Germany, played the "Concerto in F sharp minor" of her teacher,

Reinecke, in a clean, tasteful and musicianly style. Her playing is, however, too light for an orchestral accompaniment, and we are sure she would have appeared to better advantage had she played alone. Miss Strong is an artist who is a credit to St. Louis, and a real acquisition to the Beethoven Conservatory, of whose faculty of instruction she has recently become a member. The next three orchestral numbers were quite satisfactory, as was also the second one of the selections of the Amphion Quartette. The final number, "The Awakening of the Lion," was not so satisfactorily given, the piano passages were altogether too loud. It seems always easy enough for the musicians of the orchestra to come out full on the *fortes*, but the *pianos* and *pianissimos* seem to demand the constant attention of the conductor.

We see no reason to retract what we said in our last, that no orchestral music has ever been given in St. Louis, save by the Thomas Orchestra, that can compare with that given us by the fifty-four picked musicians who obey Mr. Waldauer's baton.

The Kellogg concert troupe gave two concerts at the Mercantile Library Hall on the 16th and 17th of December. As the manager forgot to send us tickets we did not attend, but we understand, from competent judges who did, that Miss Kellogg, in leaving the stage for a matrimonial engagement, is only giving another proof of the good business judgment which has characterized her whole career. Her voice, they say, is still excellent for domestic purposes.

We were unable to be present at the first soirée of the Beethoven Conservatory and therefore can not give a detailed account of it, but the report of the local papers is very favorable, one of them closes a detailed report with the following statement:

"The large and brilliant audience left with the impression that the Beethoven Conservatory means serious work, and that we have an institution in our midst which, with the aid of first-class teachers, and the system adopted at the institution, will, as it has done in the past, continue to furnish us with an array of musical talent and a great number of good and thorough musicians of whom any city might be proud."

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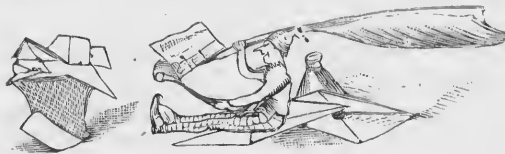
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CORRESPONDENCE.

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, December 31, 1881.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—I hope you have had a "merry Christmas," and wish you a "happy New Year"—and many of them. Congratulate you on the improvement in your paper. It is certainly the neatest and best for the money published anywhere. We have had the usual amount of good, bad, and indifferent Christmas music in our various churches. The Haydn Society recently gave its winter concert, Miss Berger, cornetist, and Mrs. Bella Cole, soprano, being the features of the evening. The Rossini is preparing for a good old-time concert. Choruses of a light, pleasing character by the society, with a *prima donna*, and, possibly, an instrumental soloist. The Oratorio Society gave its first concert for the season, last night, presenting Mendelssohn's Oratorio of St. Paul in a most pleasing and satisfactory manner, with Miss Hattie L. Siemens as soprano, Miss Antonia Henne as alto, Mr. Jules Jorden as tenor, and Mr. Franz Remmert as basso. The soloists were well up in their parts, and were acceptable, but soloists are only the thread upon which to string the diamonds for the necklace. The chorus is the oratorio, and the chorus of last night certainly was wonderful—fairly thrilling and electrifying the audience—630 adults, with 100 boys voices, a large pipe organ, and an orchestra of about seventy-five pieces. You can imagine the effect. Mr. Otto Sutro, the originator and now president of the society, and Prof. Fritz Fincke, the leader, both received floral tributes from the ladies of the chorus, as a token of esteem. Everything passed off pleasantly, except an episode which might be alluded to as a warning for the future. A distinguished member of the orchestra, of Teutonic origin, who quietly disappeared down a spiral staircase in the rear of the stage, probably in quest of "ein lager," was nearly drowned by a discharge of lemonade by the ladies, who had been so generously supplied that they made this use of it, to the discomfiture of the party alluded to, considerably damaging his dress and the place on the top of his head where the hair ought to grow. One thing sure, he won't go "snoozing" around for beer at the next oratorio concert. The theatres are in full blast and doing a good trade. Music business good; piano and organ trade ditto. Will write you "OCCASIONALLY."

BELLINI AND GIUDITTA PASTA.

A TALE OF 1831.

THE Scala (Milan) has engaged for the composition of its chief opera a young musician who has rapidly risen in public favor—it is Vincenzo Bellini. He has studied bravely, worked, struggled, hoped, and not for one moment failed in courage. For three years he had remained in Naples as a pupil of the celebrated Zingarelli. Very soon after this he wrote his first opera, which was soon followed by a second, that was produced in the San Carlo Theatre with great success.

In a room in the Albergo San Marco sits Bellini at his table, which is covered with all kinds of books, and before him lies the open score of his "Sonnambula," in which the master is absorbed. Although Bellini is now in his thirtieth year, one can not help fancying he still sees in him the youth who once listened to Madre Ricca's fairy tale. His face, which is somewhat pale, is fringed with golden locks, and is of no common cast. Bellini is approaching the height of his ambition, yet an unstilled longing often passes, like a sigh, through his mind, and then the young composer feels that there is still much more needed for him to be happy.

There in the Albergo, not far from his own room, suddenly a mellow voice was heard, rich and full, like the sound of a flute ascending to its highest notes, and then again descending to its wonderful depths with equal ease. Then the same voice breaks forth with such dramatic power, with such an energetic expression, that the surprised listener grows pale, and feels the rapid pulsation of his heart. Some renowned cantatrice must be near—it can not be otherwise—for Bellini has never before heard such a magnificent, brilliant voice. The singing grows more hushed, like a soft whisper; yet Bellini distinctly hears each single sound; the cantatrice herself seems to approach his room. Now this wonderful voice again rises with the swiftness of lightning; at the same moment the door of Bellini's study opens, and on the threshold appears a woman, her eyes fixed on the young musician.

Here is a tall figure, and a face which bears the type of the classic beauties of ancient Rome. The large dark eyes glisten with their luminous rays, the coral lips, still parted, show two rows of pearly teeth. Now the small, well-shaped mouth begins to smile, and approaching Bellini, the cantatrice holding out her small, white hand, says, in soft, melodious tones: "I need not ask *maestro*, if it is you, who have filled poor Stran-

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iera Julietta with such sweet, intoxicating sounds? Only thus can the son of Sicily show himself, who likes to wander on moonlight nights through the divine regions of melody. I have come to follow your career with you, for Giuditta Pasta will be *Amina* in your 'Sonnambula.'

Bellini, for a moment struck with astonishment, rose, seized the hand of the cantatrice, and impressed on it a kiss. All his wishes for a beautiful representation of his new creation were fulfilled. The voice of Giuditta Pasta, which, in its single sounds, had exercised so great a charm over him, how would it charm in his melodies all those who were to listen to it!

Soon Bellini sat before the piano and played to the great artist his "Sonnambula," and Pasta sang *Amina* as magnificently as if she had studied her part for months. When the last notes had died away, a thrill of joy passed through Bellini. He rose and embraced the great songstress, whilst tears moistened his eyes; and Pasta held the excited young musician in her arms, as if he were a child whom she had come to protect, and to lead to desired happiness.

There suddenly resounded from without joyous exclamations, and, when the two artists approached the window, they were surprised to see a dense crowd of people which had assembled in order to listen to the singing, and who were now rending the air with their enthusiastic applause. The fate of the new opera was decided.

After the first tumult of joy was over, composer and singer seated themselves near the open window, and talked over the new work, inhaling at the same time the flower-scented breath of spring. Pasta found the music magnificent, the melodies wonderful in their majestic beauty, but the action appeared to her to be too simple and of insufficient dramatic value.

"Maestro," she therefore said, with all the frankness of her nature, "your 'Sonnambula' offers, both for your talent and mine, too few true dramatic scenes. Hitherto you have not been served well by your text writers; they have yielded by far too much to your inclinations, and have even treated the real dramatic substance in too light a manner. I will bring you a book, maestro, which will be worthy of your talent and of that of your singer; for Giuditta Pasta remains with you until you have written your masterpiece, and until I shall have gained a most crowning triumph. Only then will you know the highest happiness which music bestows on her favorites."

Bellini was now filled with a sacred joy, and the more he associated with Pasta the more this joyous feeling partook of the form of happiness, of which Bellini had hitherto but dreamed.

"Sonnambula" was performed, and created indescribable enthusiasm among the Milanese public. The beautiful melodies went to the heart with their own benignant force and intoxicated the sense of all those that listened. Rubini sang the tenor, *Elvino*, with his rare enchanting voice, but Pasta won the crown of victory. Her singing in the great finale was overpowering. After the representation her horses were unharnessed, taken out, and she was not permitted to return home until she had yielded to the entreaties of the delighted public, and had once more sung from her open carriage her last hymn of joy, under a star-bespangled sky. At this moment the composer seemed to be forgotten.

On the next morning Pasta went to Bellini, holding a manuscript in her hand, which she gave to the composer, the light of joy gleaming in her lustrous eyes. Then she said: "I keep my word, maestro; and, believe me, by so doing, I render to you my sincerest gratitude for the beautiful part you have written for me, but you will write one far better still. Read this manuscript; it is entitled 'Norma,' and I will be *Norma*, the prophetess, the wife with the glowing heart, for which she has sacrificed all—her home, her life."

Bellini took the book and read. Soon he began to doubt if he should be able to write in sufficiently powerful tones of the mighty passion of the Gallican prophetess; but Pasta did not cease; she inspired Bellini.

"Norma" was performed in the Scala, and now only Bellini's full value as composer seemed to be recognized by the Milanese public. Both he and Pasta received after the first representation of "Norma," equal honors. They shared their triumphs, for in thinking and feeling they were one.

The renown of the new opera rapidly became widespread, and a few months after its introduction it was given in Paris, in London, and then on all the larger stages in Germany. At the Italian Opera of the above named cities, "Norma" was sung by the celebrated Malibran, and Bellini's heart was filled with joy when thinking of the scene in the olive grove at L'Ognina, where the now so renowned artiste appeared to him as his child-fairy.

Would she still think of him! Oh, certainly, she must remember him when singing his melodies! This thought occupied the mind of the *maestro* more and more, and he at last longed to quit the paradise of happiness in which he was at present living, and to go and see the great artist who had led him to the path of triumph which he was now treading with so brilliant a success in Paris and in London. But mighty bonds kept him back in Milan—chained him to the side of Pasta, to whom he owed so much, and for whom he again wrote a new part, "Beatrice di Tenda."

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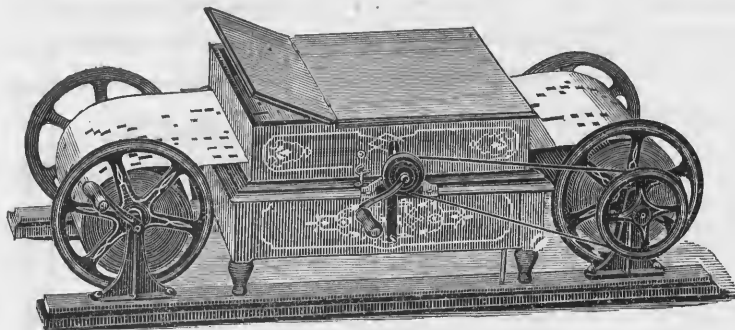
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While thus hesitating, Bellini received a letter from London, written with tempting words, and signed "Maria Malibran." The young composer could not resist the charming voice that called him, and he resolved to abandon the paradise in which he had tasted the golden fruit of happiness. He might do so; for the new opera, the last gift of love, consecrated to his beautiful fatherland, and to his singer, was now completed.

"Norma" was to be performed at the Scala when Giuditta Pasta received a farewell letter from her friend and composer, Bellini had departed!

True, Giuditta's beautiful face grew pale, her trembling fingers crushed Bellini's letter, but she sang—sang, and never had "Norma" been performed with such demoniacal power as on this evening. The applause of the public was stormy, its joyous shouts ceaseless, indescribable its enthusiasm, but it was also the last tribute of admiration which the Milanese could pay to the great artist. On the next day Pasta left the town, and went to one of the lakes, where she lived in solitude. She never sang "Beatrice," which Bellini had dedicated to her. Perhaps Bellini's happiness and hers also was gone.—*E. Pasque.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ORGANIST, San Antonio: The first organ of which we have any reliable historical account was one sent in 757 to Pépin, father of Charlemagne, by the Emperor Constantine Capronymus. It was a small, portable affair, and was placed in the church of St. Cornelle at Compiègne, which at that time was a royal residence. Organs had, however, been used in the East for a long time—probably three centuries before that. They, of course, differed widely in construction with our modern instruments of the same name; the keys were from four to six inches broad, and had to be struck with the clenched fist, and their compass was only about two octaves. The first organ erected in this country is said to have been the one put up in King's Chapel, Boston, in 1714. The best organ builders in this country are—well, ask the builders themselves; they ought to know.

M. S., Boston: In English, all over the world, except in Boston, *programme* (not *program*) is the recognized correct spelling. We will neither be responsible for nor follow the Josh-Billings-like reforms in spelling indulged in by the *litterateurs* of Bakedbeansville.

"VINDEX," Cincinnati: Our columns are never open to anonymous articles. Yours has been duly cremated, as will be all similar articles, whether accompanied with the sender's name or not. Your vindictiveness can not find vent in these columns. We shall be pleased to remain in blissful ignorance of your identity, as we do not admire character-Guiteaus, even when the intended victim is not the object of our personal admiration.

"SEXTUS," Chicago: Giacomo Meyerbeer was born at Berlin, September 5th, 1794. His father, a Jewish banker, was named Jacob Beer, which was also the name of the composer until he Italianized his given name into Giacomo, and, having been bequeathed a large sum by another banker named Meyer, he prefixed that name to his patronymic. Although a Prussian by birth his operas belong to the French school. He is Wagner's "pet aversion." He died in Paris, which he had made his home almost constantly after 1826, on the 2d of May, 1864.

N. J. W., Worcester: Yes; the *Signor Tamburello*, now connected with the New England Conservatory of Music, is the author of "La Biondina," as well as of a number of other songs. He is an excellent musician, a talented composer, a first-class teacher, and every inch a gentleman. This we say from our personal knowledge. We might add, though you do not ask it, that, so far as we know, he is still single, and, having lost his pet dog some time since, must be in a state of loneliness which would make him peculiarly susceptible.

J. G. L., Detroit: We have no infallible means of determining the relative circulation of the musical monthlies published in the United States. From the best information at our command, KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW has the largest circulation, *Brainard's Musical World* the next largest, and *Church's Musical Visitor* the third largest. The others follow at a greater or less distance, but the one you inquire about especially, is one of the "high privates in the rear rank." It is worthy of notice that the most successful musical magazines are published in the West.

"A TEACHER," Freeman, Mo: Please answer through REVIEW the following questions: 1. What grade of piano do you consider best for parlor (I do not mean make)? 2. How do you pronounce *vivace*? 3. Who wrote the words of the Bohemian Girl? 4. I have fallen into a faulty position with my right hand; that of letting my third and fourth fingers fall, or rather draw, under my hand in playing the piano. Can you suggest an exercise by the practice of which I may overcome this? 1. For artists, anywhere, a concert grand; for amateurs, and in ordinary parlors, an upright. 2. *Vee-vah-chay*. 3. Stephen Bunn. 4. Schmidt's (Aloy's) five finger exercises. Levassor's *Dactylon*, advertised elsewhere in this number, might aid you mechanically. Your other questions must lay over for the present.

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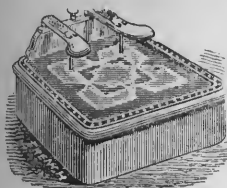
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WE had decided not to publish any of the commendatory notices of the REVIEW, recently received, but the publishers have, for this once, requested a reversal of the decision of the editorial "we," and, in deference to their wishes, we give four specimen bricks—or rather sticks of "taffy":

NASHVILLE, TENN., Nov. 16, 1881.

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"KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW comes to our table this month enlarged and much improved in style as well as in typographical appearance. We admire this publication for its brilliancy and straightforwardness; it deals with humbuggery in a decidedly able manner, and its editorials are based on sound judgment. I. D. Foulon, A. M., the editor, is bright and trenchant, and the REVIEW has always seemed to succeed under his control."—*Boston Times*.

BOSTON, 202 DARTMOUTH STREET, Dec. 19, 1881.

My Dear Mr. Charles Kunkel:

In wishing you a very happy New Year, I desire to thank you for the impartial treatment I have received in the columns of the MUSICAL REVIEW. I should be delighted to receive a copy of that grand paper, which in its present shape is an honor to the publishers, the editor and the art. * * * With my kindest regards to your brother and Mr. Foulon, I remain very sincerely yours,

GUSTAVE SATTER.

—THE *Examiner* is indebted to Mr. Seymour Ash for the current number of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, one of the leading musical publications of the country. Always superb mechanically and excellent editorially, the issue before us is, if possible, in advance of predecessors. The contents are unusually interesting, and in addition, the new music "Reverie Nocturne," "Philomel Polka," and "Let Me Dream Again," words in both English and German, make it a desirable addition to the libraries of musical people.—*Waco Daily Examiner*.

MT. UNION, O., Dec. 3, 1881.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.—

GENTLEMEN—I received the first number of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, Vol. V, in its beautiful, new and enlarged form, and I must say that it more than surpassed my greatest expectations.

Since you started the REVIEW it has grown in size and importance, also in the pith and pungency of its reading matter, as well as in the selections of the finest vocal and instrumental music, which you monthly insert, till now it has assumed its present dimensions, and fairly won an undisputed and authoritatively high position, far ahead of all its competitors in the great struggle for the survival of the fittest in music periodicals.

For years I had felt the want of an ably edited musical paper that I could unhesitatingly place in the hands of my pupils, without fear of their minds being filled with musical bosh; a paper that would be conservative in a truly artistic, critical and æsthetic sense; conservative to the excellence of the ancient classics, and yet, by the recognition of the legitimate in the progress and development of modern musical construction, science, technique and æsthetic, be radical enough to correct what misapprehensions and weaknesses our forefathers in music had—in spite of their greatness.

Conservatism, in its true sense, simply means to "hold fast to that which is good." The text likewise implies the converse—let go that which is not good. KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW completely fills the bill, and I recognize it as the Great Conservative Musical Periodical of America.

There is a class of so-called writers on music who would tear down the entire temple of music, that it has taken centuries to rear, in order to elevate their little whims. These miserable scribblers, would-be-originals and musical (?) charlatans have not, so far, appeared as contributors of either letters or notes to the REVIEW, and I trust that your editor will—should any of them knock at the door of his sanctum—sing, "Traitors depart."

Mr. I. D. Foulon evinces deep thought and musical research in his very instructive and able editorials. He also shows great care in the judicious and readable extracts from the writings of the best authorities on music. We are further deeply indebted to him for the very excellent translations of interesting articles—originally written in foreign tongues—which appear for the first time in English in the REVIEW.

Another feature of the highest importance is the lessons, vocal and instrumental, by some of our best teachers, that monthly accompany the selections of music. The tyro, the moderate player, and even the advanced pianist, can here find instruction, hints and suggestions on study, performance and æsthetic worth their weight in gold.

It seems strange that you can afford to print so much of good music in the REVIEW for absolutely nothing, when you publish the same in sheet form. It almost looks suicidal. The only way that you could possibly make it pay, is by having an immense circulation.

Wishing KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW the greatest prosperity, and hoping that Kunkel Bros' spirited enterprise will have—as it deserves—the most hearty support of all who hold dear the cause of high-class music, I remain, yours very truly,

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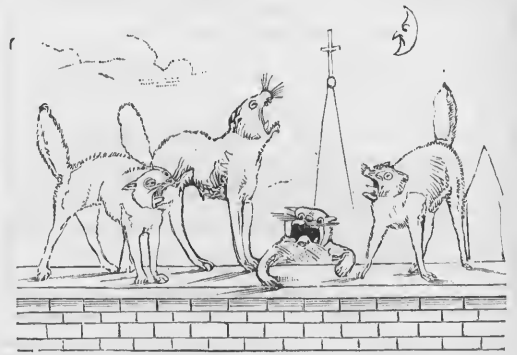
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COMICAL CHORDS.

THE aesthetes of Boston now speak of hash as "a mosaic."—*Glasgow Eve. Times.*

THE armless man who plays the piano with his toes must be a disciple of Plato.—*Folio.*

THE devil has one redeeming trait. He never gives a boarder a cold room.—*Whitehall Times.*

THE beauty of a man parting his hair in the middle is, that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

THE farmer who "run rapidly through his property," wore a red shirt and had his brindle bull behind him.

A NEWSPAPER advertisement reads thus: "Wanted—A saddle horse for a lady weighing about 950 pounds."

A PROVIDENCE critic writes: "Mdm. Gerster sang the closing oratorio from La Sonnambula with brilliant effect."

FISHING FOR BASS.—The young lady in the church choir who is in love with the basso profundo singer.—*Columbus Capital.*

A "LARK" is said to be a bird of sufficient size to carry off a full-grown man from the bosom of his family and keep him out all night.

MIRANDA says: "Miss Flashy had a beautiful serenade the other night, but Gawge and I had a lovely duet that just nocturne."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

WHEN the Chicago man saw Niagara he shed tears. "Durn it," said he, "I ain't enough of a liar to describe it and make it out any bigger than it is. I'm floored!"

CLEVELAND young ladies write comments on the margin of the library novels they read. One emotional creature writes: "The pangs of love is grate; i have been there myself."

"TOMMY," said mother, "you must never interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop." "But you never stop," retorted the boy.—*Glasgow Eve. Times.*

"EIGHT thousand cabbage heads were last week brought to New York from Germany," says a recent number of the *Missouri Republican*. Is this a reflection upon the emigrants?

AN exchange publishes an article headed, "How to Tell a Mad Dog." We have nothing to tell a mad dog that we can not communicate by telephone or postal card.—*Boston Transcript.*

IT kind of broke up the temperance man from down East when he went into the rooms of the Deadwood Total Abstinence club to find the club believed in total abstinence from water.

AMONG the many selections performed at the Liszt banquet, not a single pianist thought of playing *Liszt to the Mocking Bird*.—*Musical Herald*. Probably the Mocking Bird was not one of the guests.

SPOONY dry goods clerk to smart miss trying on a hat before the glass—"Don't I wish I was a looking glass." Smart miss—"Yes, perhaps you'd get more girls to look at you then." Clerk collapses and is carried out.

WHEN a despondent Philadelphia wife attempted to escape the troubles of this world by drinking a quart of coal oil, her unfeeling husband forced her to swallow a card of lamp wick, and now uses her of nights to read by.

"HAVE you 'Watts on the Mind?'" solemnly asks a clerical-looking old gent of the roguish damsel behind the counter. No, sir," she answered, "but I have nine on one hand and two on the other. Are you a wart doctor?"

PROBABLY the boy never lived who, having a drum did not burst it to see what made the music. But Vermont has the champion boy. He broke his drum because he wanted to see the drum core that his father spoke of.

COURBERT said to one of his friends who was talking of getting married: "Why don't you marry Miss X, over there? She's a perfect angel." "She may be angel, but she's painted." "Well, did you ever see an angel that wasn't painted?"

ROBBER (who has broken into the house of a prominent vocalist, and bound him)—"Come, now, tell me, have you got any notes?" Vocalist—"Yes." Robber—"Where are they?" Vocalist—"In my chest." Robber leaves precipitately.—*Phila. Sun.*

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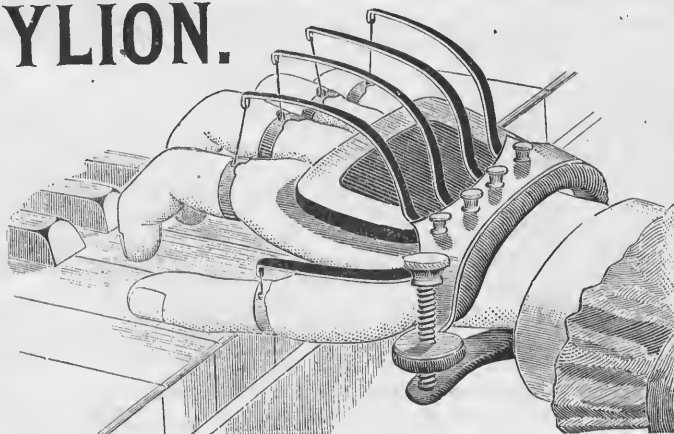
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Or at DEFIANCE, OHIO.

AN exchange remarks that, "when a physician attends a patient with a cold, and gets paid, he takes cough-fee." An lait me down to sleep.—*Mirror*. Java a hard time thinking that up.—*Jamestown Leader*. Now you're tea-sing ns.—*Mirror*. Oulong did it take you to find that out?

MRS. HOMESPUN was shocked to hear one of those giddy Brownjohn girls speak of Haydn as the author of the "Crea-tion." Mrs. Homespun says she doesn't know anything about the bible the Brownjohns have, but *her* bible doesn't say any-thing about Haydn, or any other fiddling German.—*Transcript*.

FRENCHMAN (to lady who has been singing)—"Ah, what a voice? No, it is not a voice, it is ze warbles of a bird. Is it zat you have in your throat what you call ze—ah, yes, ze trush?" Vocalist—"The thrush in my throat, Monsieur?" Frenchman—Ah, I perceive zat I have made some mistake. It is anoder. Yes, I have him now, ze martingale!"

"Now," said the teacher of a primary class to one of his pupils, to whom he was trying to impart a knowledge of division, with b t little success. "If you had a pie, and I should ask you for a quarter of it, and you should give me what I wanted, how much would you have left?" "I wouldn't have any left!" quickly responded the little girl.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

He was at breakfast, wrestling with a piece of remarkably tough veal. His wife said to him: "You always say there's something to be thankful for in everything. I fancy you'd be puzzled to find something to be thankful for in that veal." "Not at all," he cheerfully responded stopping to breathe: "I was just thinking how grateful we should be that we met it when it was young."

THE Newburyport (Mass.) *Herald* tells the story of a man in that place who wanted a wife and called on a respectable widow of his acquaintance for assistance. "Madam," he says, "I'm looking for a wife, I don't think you'll hardly do, but I didn't know but you might think of some one that would, and so I called." The b wildered man has never been able to tell the precise answer he received, but describes it as a hurricane.

ONCE, when somewhat under the influence of drink, a cer-tain citizen of Windham, Conn., wandered off into the fields and went to sleep. On rising he forgot to put on his cocked hat. Some boys found it and took it to him, thinking to cover him with confusion. "In which lot did you find it?" he inquired blandly. "In Mr. White's pasture, near the barn." "Well, boys, go take it right back, that is my place to keep it."

OUT in Laramie the papers publish nice little personal notices. Here is one from the *Boomerang*: "Has any goggle-eyed astronomer noticed recently, floating through space, a bald-headed planet, with apparently no regular orbit and evidently drifting son'west by sou' like a bob-tail comet? Henry R. Crosby has drifted into space, and those who have from fifty cents to five dollars stock in him would like to know where he went to."

AN old fellow whose daughter had failed to secure a position as teacher, in consequence of not passing an examination, said: "They asked her lots of things she didn't know. Look at the history questions!" They asked her about things that happened before she was born. How was she going to know about them? Why, they asked her about old George Wash-ington and other men she never knew. That was a pretty sort of examination!"

SOME years ago there were a number of army officers stop-ping at a hotel in Washington. Among them were a Capt. Emmerson and a Capt. Jones. Emmerson and Jones used to have a great deal of fun together at the dinner table and else-where. One day at the dinner table, when the dining hall was well filled, Capt. Jones finished his dinner first, got up and walked almost to the dining hall door, when Emmerson called to him in a loud voice: "Hallo, captain see here. I wa t to speak to you a minnte." The captain turned and walked back to the table, and bent over him when Emmerson whispered, "I wanted to ask you how far you would have gone if I had not spoken to you." The captain never changed a muscle, but straightened up and put his fingers into his vest pockets, and said, "Capt Emmerson, I don't know of a man in the world I'd rather loan \$5 to than you, but the fact is I havn't a cent with me to-day," and he turned on his heel and walked away. Emmerson was the color of a dozen rainbows, but he had to stand it.

A CELESTIAL SONG.

Now our Susan Jane has left us;
She's been wafted up the flume,
Cruel fate has sore bereft us;
See that greens are o'er the tomb.
She has climbed the staircase pearly,
Jasper gates were swung ajar;
She's performing late and early,
Where the golden harpists are.

CHORUS.

"Crystal floors" and "crowns of glory,"
"Harps," and "wings," and "heavenly strains"
Make the tawdry "pop"-song story,
Sung to endless Sarah Jar es.

—Score,

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MAJOR AND MINOR.

A "COLLECTION OF LETTERS" by Hector Berlioz, with a preface by Charles Gounod, will shortly appear in Paris.

BETHOVEN, according to Köchel, had a very great aversion to the enforced performance of any regular duties, more especially to giving lessons and teaching the theory of music, in which, it is well known, his strength did not lie, and for which he had diligently to prepare himself.—Score.

MRS. MINNIE SPENCER'S concert at Bumann's Hall, Bunker Hill, Ill., which took place on the 29th of December, 1881, was a great success, in every respect. Among the many numbers which took the fancy of the audience none were more appreciated than the Philomel Polka, played by Masters Charles and Walter Spencer. Mrs. Spencer is deservedly one of the most popular teachers in Illinois.

BENJ. J. GUBERT, Secretary of the National Car Spring Co., of New York, who recently died in that city, was an amateur musician of very considerable talent and, to the full extent of his ability, a liberal patron of the arts. He was liberal to a fault, genial as a ray of sunshine, and a true friend to his friends—foes he had none. The REVIEW tenders its condolences to his bereaved wife and family.

The new firm of Spalding, Alger & Osborn (R. A. Spalding, W. P. Alger, and C. W. Osborn), of Troy, N. Y., is composed of energetic and experienced men. They have secured the agencies of the Kraich & Bach, and Harrington & Co., pianos, and the Smith American organ, and keep in stock the complete catalogues of Kunkel Bros, Geo. Willig & Co., J. M. Russell and White, Smith & Co. They open with a fresh stock of over 7,000 pieces which they will rapidly increase.

C. T. Sisson has sold out his interest in his Austin store to Messrs. Hazzard, Raymond & Co. Mr. Hazzard has been with Mr. Sisson nearly seven years, and with his experience and increased capital, the new firm have a bright future before them.

Mr. Sisson having sold out in Austin, has concentrated his capital in Waco. He is a live business man, thoroughly posted in all classes of musical merchandise, and his long and successful experience makes his increased success a certainty. He is agent for Kunkel Bros.' publications.

A SCOTCH bag-piper was once traveling in Ireland, and in a solitary spot found himself surrounded by hungry wild beasts. His first move in self-defence, being unarmed, was to divert them from the purpose of feeding upon him by throwing to them, bit by bit, the scanty lunch provided for his own stomach. But when that was all devoured their greed was only whetted for feasting upon the giver. He then bethought himself of trying the tones of his instrument, which speedily set the whole pack into a retreat gallop. Then his only regret was that he had not tried the concert first, and saved his lunch!

WHETHER Mozart composed while dancing, we are not informed; but we know that he was extremely fond of displaying his skill in that accomplishment. His minute was said to be admirably executed. He was proud of having been taught by Vestrin—the self-styled "Dieu de la Danse"—and thought more of his superiority as a dancer than of his musical ability. In this form of weakness he is not alone. Other eminent persons besides him have been more vain of some trifling and inferior skill than of the more solid merit which has earned their fame. Alexandre Dumas, pere, was prouder of his cookery than of his novels and of his theatrical writings. The late Lord Lytton would have given much to be considered a great poet than what he really was—a great novelist. Although Catalani's eminence as a singer amounted to celebrity, she prided herself most on being "the beauty, Catalani."

SILVER LAKE, KAN., Dec. 30, 1881.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.:—My daughter Ida subscribed for your MUSICAL REVIEW, of a party signing as M. Edelen, Kansas City, stating REVIEW would begin December number. This number came to hand, but no premium books, and your circular enclosed gave the idea of its being sent as a sample copy. Subscription paid in advance to the party.

Do you know anything about it? Respectfully,

A. G. MAGILL.

This is a specimen of letters we have been receiving from Western Missouri and Eastern Kansas, too frequently of late. We have no such agent. Any one may get subscribers to the REVIEW, many persons do, on their own responsibility, but when any one represents himself as an agent for the REVIEW appointed by its publishers, ask for his credentials!

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PATTI.—Of Patti's qualities as an artist Mr. Max Maretzek says: "Pasta and Grisi may have surpassed her in dramatic expression; Jenny Lind, Persiana, and Parepa may have been her peers in execution, but Adelina Patti has the gift of a superior quality of voice. The ring of her voice is like the ring of pure gold, and the clearness of her intonation like a blue sky without any cloud. The evenness of her vocal register is like a necklace of diamonds of the finest water without a flaw. In fact, although a great Vocalist in every sense, her great success must be attributed to the exquisite charm of her voice more than to any other accomplishments."

SAYS the critic of the New York *Herald*, after hearing Mlle. Vachot in "Lucia": "Mlle. Vachot possesses so many of the qualities necessary to make an agreeable and pleasing, if not great singer, in the sweetness of her voice, the good method of her phrasing and facility of execution, that it is a pity she should lack the one remaining but essential point which nullifies these decided merits—false intonation." Two Boston papers at least reproduce the above approvingly. If Mlle. Vachot only lacks "false intonation," we shall hope that the "lack" will be left unsupplied when she reaches St. Louis. She can get plenty of "false intonation" and perhaps some bad grammar to boot in both New York and Boston.

THE Board of Judges appointed by the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association, consisting of Carl Reinecke, of Leipzig, the celebrated German musician; Saint Saens, of Paris, the distinguished French composer, and Theodore Thomas, have submitted their report, awarding the prize of \$1,000 to Mr. Wm. Gilchrist, of Philadelphia, for the best original composition for chorus and orchestra, to be performed at the next Cincinnati May Musical Festival. Competition was open to all citizens of the United States, irrespective of place of birth, and there were nineteen competing compositions received from all parts of the country. The title of Mr. Gilchrist's composition is "Forty-Sixth Psalm."

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Germany, says the *Musical World*, of London, writes: "Wagner has become quieter and less impatient than we remember him in Vienna. It is no longer so dangerous as it once was to mention certain persons and things in his presence. He will not fly into a passion at the name of that 'old fogey' of a Beethoven; neither will he tear up and down the room, with the dressing-gown fluttering behind and the artistic velvet cap banged down on one ear, and dub Meyerbeer an 'unmusical impostor,' if any one happens to mention the 'Prophete' or the 'Africaine.' He merely shrugs his shoulders pityingly, as though to say 'Poor unskilled neophytes all! Dabblers on the shores of an ocean of art, which I alone have thoroughly navigated.' However, he still patronizes his King, whom he deigns to speak of as 'my dear young friend—a man whose mind is sufficiently developed to appreciate the great things I have done.' 'Rien que ça!' This 500 horse-power modesty of the composer of 'Lohengrin' stands in great jeopardy, for Wagner passes his life in the bosom of his family, who simply deify him, and amongst a few intimates who flatter him." If he should live awhile longer, say five hundred years, and keep on improving at this wonderful rate, Wagner might, before dying, become somewhat of a gentleman.

AT a marriage which took place in Edinburgh a short time ago, the presents received by the bride embraced an old piano, prized as having been a gift to her mother's family, so far back as the year 1817, from Sir Walter Scott. It was understood to have been the instrument on which Sir Walter's daughters, Anne and Sophia, had received their first instruction in music; but, having only thirty-six notes, it had been replaced by a more modern piano suitable to their advancement. It is of the spinet form, and looked, at the date referred to, as if it had belonged to the middle of the last century, the name it bore being "John & Hugh Watson, Edinburgh, makers, from London." For twelve years the piano again did service in the school room, but was again deposed to meet the requirements of advanced pupils. Yet it retained an honored place in the heart, especially of one who had enjoyed the friendship and confidence of Scott, before he was recognized as the author of "Waverley." It was always spoken of as "Old Sir Walter," and accompanied its owners in many changes long after it had ceased to "discourse sweet music;" though, sooth to say, for many years it occupied the place of a lobby table. In 1834 the instrument descended to the second generation, which necessitated a long and weary journey. Age had brought infirmities and very shaky legs, but no better refuge was forthcoming than the corner of a bath-room. Here it remained undisturbed until 1872, when another change brought it back to Edinburgh, when, alas! the new owner could not afford even standing room. An asylum was sought in the relie-room of the Scott monument, but the piano was deemed too large for admission. Only one alternative remained—that of amputation. The legs were taken off and for nine years dangled from the roof of a butler's pantry, while the honored trunk was deposited under a bed. Now the instrument, as a heirloom, descends to the third generation, and brighter days are apparently in store. Incased in a warm coat of olive green, curiously embroidered in many colors of needle work, it is to be promoted to a place of distinction, and will stand within hearing of such music as may well make its old bones "dirl."—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

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SMITH AND JONES.

Jones—(Singing) "The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall be."
Smith—That's "fair exchange," and therefore it is "no robbery."

Jones—What do you mean?

Smith—Is not the sailor his wife's "tar"?

Jones—Yes, or at least I suppose so.

Smith—Well, if he's her tar, she ought to be as you say she shall "his tar."

Jones—You are incorrigible, I see—but I can stand it, for I think I know how to make a raise so I can take my Adelina Hufferheimer to the Adelini Patti concert.

Smith—Do you? Good boy! What is your scheme? Are you going to open a bank—with a crow-bar?

Jones—More bad jokes! No, I'm going to travel for a Jew's-harp factory as "The Greatest American Jewsharpist."

Smith—How much will they pay you?

Jones—Well, I don't just know—I think I shall call on the "Greatest American Pianist" and find out what he gets. In fact, it's time I was gone now—he plays in a "charity-rarity-rarity-charity" concert to-night, and it's about time to go for him if I'm to catch him. Good bye!

Smith—Hold on a minute! Are you the "Greatest American Jewsharpist"?

Jones—Is he the greatest American pianist?

LAST week a strapping negro woman was up before an Austin justice of the peace, charged with unmercifully beating her boy, a saddle-colored imp. "I don't see how you could have the heart to beat your own child so cruelly." "Jedge, has you been a parent of a wufless yaller boy like dat cub of mine?" "Never!" ejaculated the judge, with great vehemence, getting red in the face. "Den don't talk."—*Texas Siftings*.

BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD, one day at dinner, perceived that the artist Delacroix, who was his guest, was looking at him in a peculiarly searching manner. The baron asked the reason, and Delacroix responded that having for sometime been vainly searching for a head such as he would like to copy for a prominent beggar in his picture, he was suddenly struck with the idea that his host would make a splendid model. The baron, who was fond of art, gracefully consented to sit, and next morning appeared in the studio of the painter, who dressed him in rags, placed a tall staff in his hand, put him into a mendicant's posture. In this attitude he was discovered by a young friend and pupil of the painter's who alone had the privilege of being admitted to the studio at all times. Surprised by the excellence of the model, he congratulated his master at having at last found exactly what he wanted. Not for a moment doubting that the model had just been begging at the porch of some church or at the corner of a bridge, and much struck by his features, the young man espying a moment when the artist's eyes were averted, slipped a twenty-franc piece in the model's hand. Rothschild kept the money, thanking the giver by a look, and the young man went his way. He was, as the banker soon found out from Delacroix, without fortune, and obliged to give lessons in order to eke out his living.

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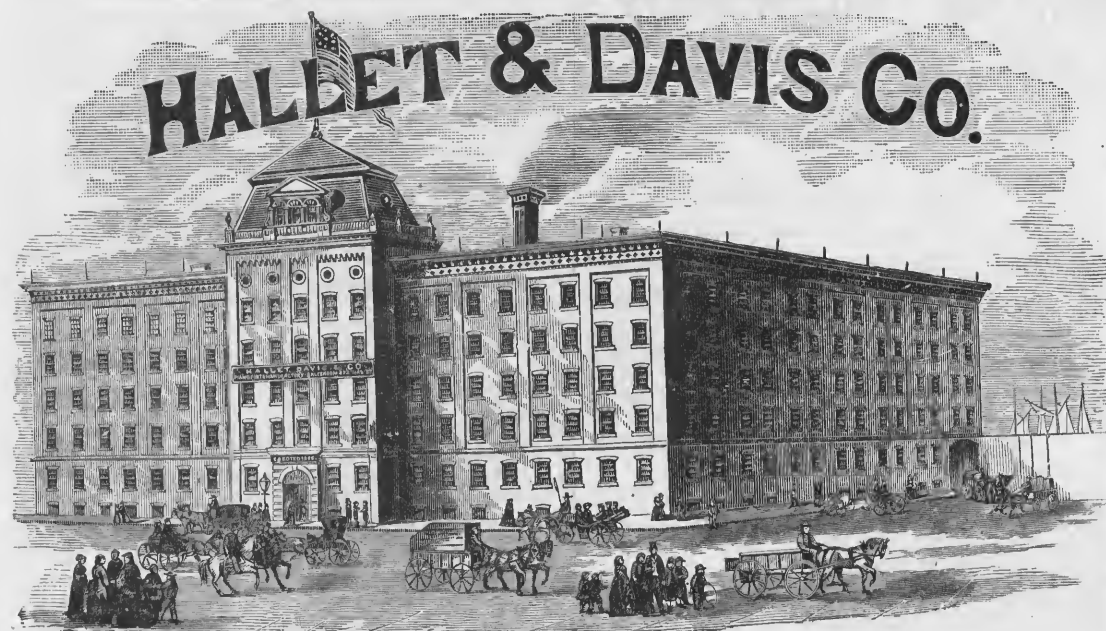
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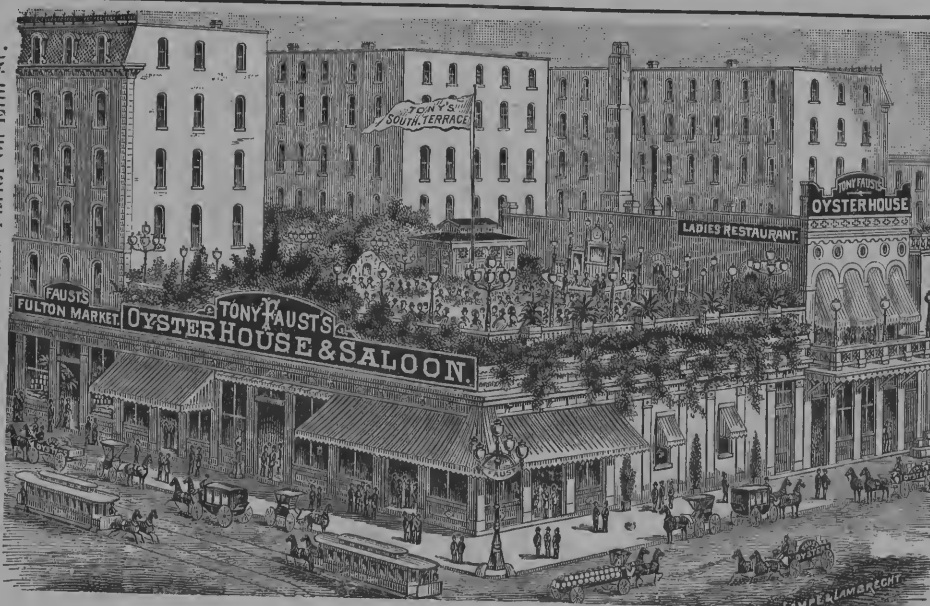
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